The SPHERE

Vol. CXXV. No. 1631 APRIL 25, 1931. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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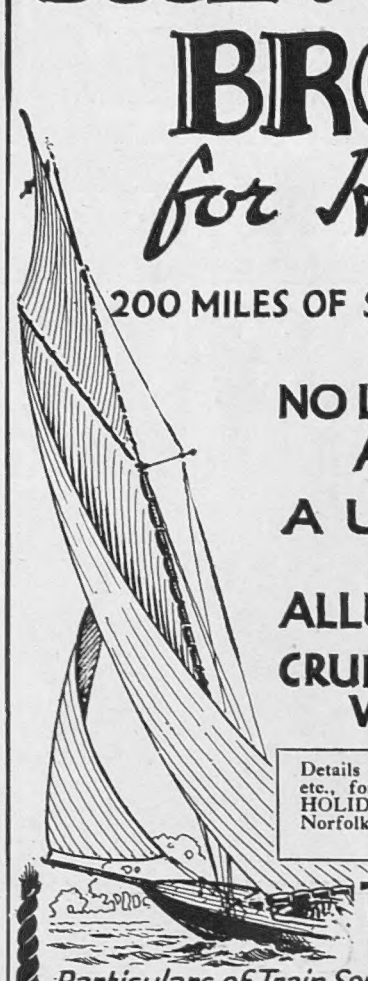

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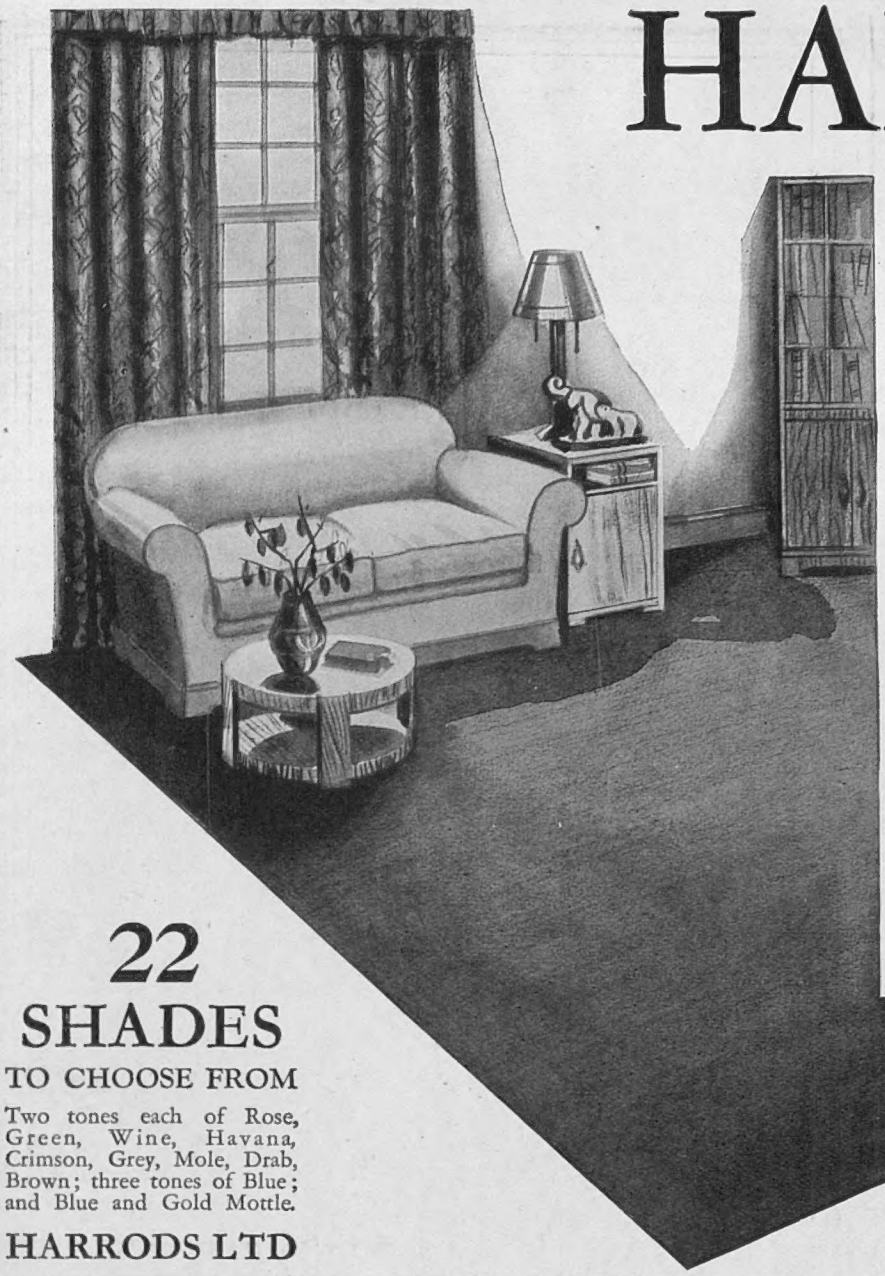

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9	0	×	9	0	-	9.	0.	0
10	6	×	9	0	-	10.	10.	0
12	0	×	9	0	-	12.	0.	0
12	0	×	10	6	-	14.	0.	0
13	6	×	10	6	-	15.	15.	0
15	0	×	10	6	-	17.	10.	0
15	0	×	12	0	-	20.	0.	0
16	6	×	12	0	-	22.	0.	0
15	0	×	13	6	-	22.	10.	0
16	6	×	13	6	-	24.	15.	0
18	0	×	15	0	-	30.	0.	0
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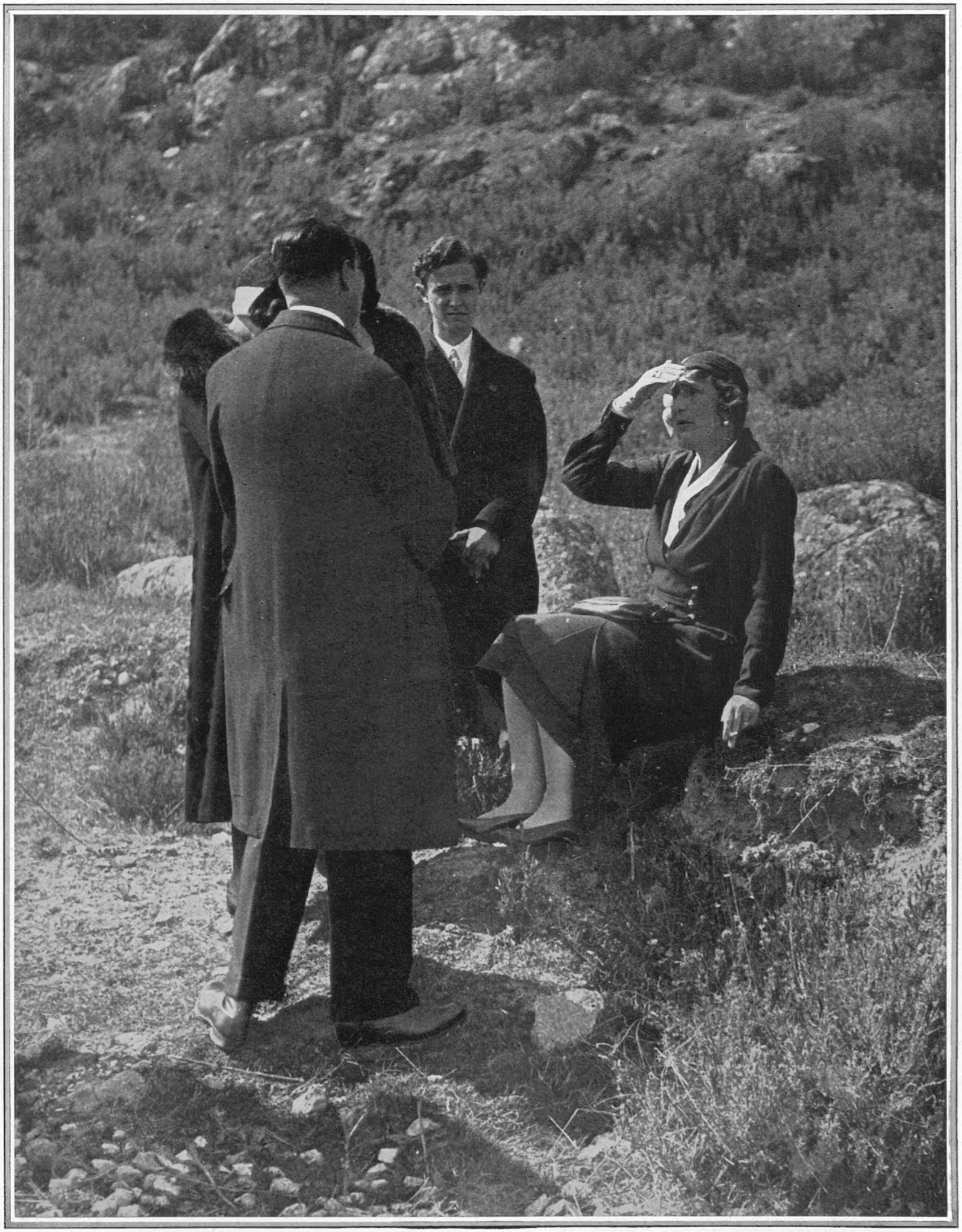


THE LAST COURT

Queen Ena Rests During Her Journey Out of Spain

Before leaving Spain, perhaps for ever, Queen Ena halted her car en route tc the station at Escorial and received the homage of a few loyal Royalists. Her Majesty is seen above shading her eyes from the bright spring sunshine and holding in her other hand a cigarette. This unrehearsed and unposed picture is an epitome both of the high courage and friendly democracy which have characterized the Spanish monarchy.

A London Newsletter

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, April 22, 1931.

Don Alfonso.—In the forty-fifth year of his age and reign, Alfonso XIII has taken the preliminary steps that will doubtless precede formal abdication. He has bowed before the storm, and the proud monarchy with its centuries-old traditions has begun the painful but hitherto bloodless operation of turning itself into a Republic. The king's last utterances showed that he believed that his own personal unpopularity and not the throne was the cause of the amazing political *volte face* of the municipal elections. That unpopularity (except with a narrow section) had its origin in the severities imposed by the Estella Dictatorship of 1923, the odium of which fell ultimately on the king. It is useless now to speculate whether, if Alfonso had made immense concessions immediately after the War, and in effect constitutionalized the sovereignty, he might have safeguarded his life tenancy. Political events to-day constantly give proof that civilized peoples owe their evolution less to the progress of constructive principles than to reaction and the desire for change. Carol returns, Alfonso goes. Alfonso has dignity and the weight of a rich experience in statecraft, a dash, a courage, a strength of character, a charm that have made him "every inch a king." Spain's unpopular king is the idol of the crowd, even in some strongholds of Republicanism. It is all very obscure and not at all surprising.

A New Start.—Alfonso flitted, not because he feared for his own life, but because he did not wish to embarrass the Government or plunge the country into civil war. It was doubtless a right and an unselfish decision. If he seems thereby to have sacrificed his own personal future, we cannot be certain even that he is not heartily glad to be quit of the whole business of kingship, so troublous, so outworn, so threadbare as he has found it of late. Yet he is a citizen of Spain whom Spain can ill afford to lose. Few public men in that country in the past few years have revealed such qualities of statesmanship, such instinct, and swift judgment. If Alfonso can cut out the Bourbon tradition he may yet serve Spain and enhance his reputation. I cannot believe that he will consent to sit down in a London suburb to open minor bazaars and watch polo and lawn tennis. That would be sheer waste of experience, energy, and ability. Meanwhile I feel sorry for Spain, for the rejoicing millions who must suffer the pangs of constitutional rebirth, for the grandees and courtiers whose world of make-believe has tumbled about their ears, for the royal family in their exile, and for that section of the watching world to whom the spectacle of a Latin mob smashing up national works of art is melancholy and even nauseating.

Simple Mathematics.—Last week's vote of censure on the Government's unemployment failure ended in the time-honoured manner. Mr. Baldwin exposed the only too apparent futilities of a Government that has ceased to pretend a constructive policy and has come to rely on pious hopes of Divine intervention. Mr. Lloyd George, as usual, elaborately explained the inexplicable—the political conscience and logic of himself and those who follow him. Mr. Johnston, with an anxious eye turned humbly on the Liberal benches in the hope that his apology and programme satisfied Liberal conditions, revealed the arrogance and the diffidence which characterize Socialist statesmanship as he poured oil (to be expressed if possible from coal) on the troubled waters. I wonder if he and his colleagues have any faint idea how little comfort the boast of numbers of men found employment, expressed in terms of millions of pounds of work sanctioned, gives to the taxpayer. Mr. Johnston's apology boiled down to this: that the Government had sanctioned £173,000,000 of expenditure, and hoped thereby to employ a quarter million men. The taxpayer is left to work out a simple sum in arithmetic. For the rest, Divine intervention, encouragement of tourists by jolly posters, and a half-hearted promise not to oppose (subject of course to the approval of their Trade Union masters) rationalization in industry, completed the inventory of shots left in the locker of Mr. MacDonald's second Administration.

The Opera Season.—The coming season of International Opera is likely to be watched with considerable interest and anxiety by lovers of opera and good music in this country. It is obvious that no expense and no forethought have been spared by the Covent Garden Syndicate (1930). Certainly none could suggest a more attractive bill for the opening night next Monday, when *Rosenkavalier*—easily the first favourite among opera patrons in England to-day—will be sung by practically the full cast which last autumn so entranced the visitors to the Salzburg Festival. The bright, new star of that caste, Margit Angerer, has never yet been heard at Covent Garden. But her Hungarian charm and beauty and the qualities of her voice have preceded her here, and we shall be all agog. The only doubt is whether her voice will fill our acoustically-perfect but huge barn. Covent Garden is a bigger proposition than she has yet attempted. But I haven't the least doubt that I shall be ravished, and look forward with intense pleasure to Monday night, for Lotte Lehmann and Elisabeth Schumann and Richard Mayr are all in their old rôles. A varied menu indeed! *Rosenkavalier* on Monday, *Tristan* on Tuesday. And the following week *Siegfried* followed by *Fledermaus*.

Sunday Cinemas.—I am one of those "kill-joys" that prophesy every sort of ultimate evil to hospitals and other charities (and every sort of immediate evil to prize-winners) if great "charity sweepstakes" insinuate themselves within the law. [A month ago Signor Scala would have thanked God for £100; to-day he has probably parted with a couple of stone and a corresponding amount of heartsease over the possibility of only snaffling a beggarly £200,000 out of his "just gains."] What are my reactions regarding Sunday cinemas? I take note of what my old friend, Lord Knutsford, says—it is a habit of mine. Those Sunday cinemas mean £5,000 a year to him—one out of many notorious beggars wearing themselves out in their profession. Bishop Perrin and his Sunday defenders regard that money as immoral earnings, and twice out of every three times I attend a cinema I agree with him. Heaven knows, I do not sigh for the Victorian Sunday, that devastating institution which must have driven thousands to drink or worse. If the films displayed throughout this country could give proof of 30 per cent. of truth, taste, and uplift in their composition, I should not hesitate. But is there one film in a dozen shown in Britain that can justly claim to do more good than harm, to be worthy of the general standard of education which we boast to have reached? I cannot imagine a better way of spending a wet Sunday evening than in enjoying a good nature-film or a reputable stage play. But those Dago travesties of the frailties of the idle rich, those tawdry appeals to the senses, those blatant surrenders to tastelessness, ignorance, and stupidity, which represent a high percentage of our films, stick in my throat. Until Sunday cinema shows are efficiently regulated I am in theory on the side of the kill-joys.

The Pill—and the Jam.—I for one shall be sorry if, through excess of zeal on their part or lack of careful preparation on the part of the Ministry, the mobile police force antagonizes the public at the start. This force is a vital necessity and the particular evil which they are attempting to combat with unhappy results is a crying one. In towns like Bromley (or Guildford or Godalming) the local police have been rather too easy-going (in the absence, of course, of stricter local parking regulations), and the disorganization and congestion of traffic are accordingly serious. That policemen, whether local or mobile, are never judges but executors of the law is of course a cardinal principle which must never be neglected. And in enforcing the general terms of Mr. Morrison's road code, co-ordination with local authorities and careful preparation of the public mind to the new order of things must obviously be a matter of much care, tact, and time. Six months ago I bored my readers by constantly stressing the importance of getting this new force on the road well in advance of the new regulations. In spite of our conquests over time and space, the parish pump is still more important than Big Ben, and what Bromley thought in 1906 is at first sight (and locally) more likely to be right than what Westminster thinks in 1931. But the tightening up of motor traffic regulations simply cannot be neglected or delayed. The country shopkeeper and shopper, the myopic juggernaut, the safety-last gadarene, must all swallow the bitter pill that the safety and convenience of the many are of more importance than the ancient privileges of the few. But there is no reason why the pill should not be administered with a spoonful of strawberry jam.

Homeward Bound.—The *Viceroy of India* is now ploughing the Indian Ocean homeward bound, having on board the ex-Viceroy and Lady Irwin, bringing their sheaves with them. Lord Irwin's viceroyalty will undoubtedly go down to history as the most momentous (to date) in the history of India. It is possible that earlier Viceroys have been more highly tried and passed through more anxious times, but none has been called on for so continuous, so concentrated a spell of statesmanship and patience. Lord Irwin returns as he went—with a stainless shield. He has been able to add to his reputation the weight of greater experience and the severest testing of character. If in the coming two years India is set blazing from West to East, it will not alter the fact that Lord Irwin in the past five years has done his plain duty supremely well. Another notable passenger on the *Viceroy* is Bishop Gore, who has been some months in India on important Church Missions of a highly arduous and sometimes delicate character, which have kept him constantly in the train and in the air quartering and re-quartering that vast country. To the admiration of the Viceroy's staff the Bishop celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday circling over New Delhi in an aeroplane, and wherever he went he was the life and soul of the party among the young and frivolous and (it is unnecessary to add) a light and a guide in more serious conclaves.

THE MEN BEHIND THE DORCHESTER: Sir Robert McAlpine, the head of McAlpine and Sons, the great firm of contractors which built the Dorchester, and Sir Francis Towle, the hotel magnate, who holds the Managing Directorship. Sir Malcolm McAlpine, the son of Sir Robert, Major-General Guy Dawnay, Sir Francis Towle, and Mr. John Rothwell Milne are the directors. It has been stated that half a million sterling has been paid in wages inside the hotel and over a million in Great Britain. The Dorchester rose at the rate of a floor a week, and 6,500,000 hours of man-labour were put into the structure

Willow the King.—We have been bewailing for some years the blight which has fallen on King Willow's Court. We declare that when we watch a county cricket match nowadays we feel like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted, whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead, etc. But these cricket jeremiads are not meant to be taken seriously. We have groused about the decline of cricket since the death of Fuller Pilch. Cricket and grousing sit hand in hand on every mown acre of England. But now we have something to complain about in earnest. We have one monopoly left us in industry, the cricket bat monopoly. No other willows need apply. They cut no ice (or boundaries past point). English willows or none. And now if you please (the very last straw) a blight has descended on the English willow, even the Suffolk nonpareil. Bat manufacturers can no longer find material for a fine British trade monopoly. *Le roi est mort*, cry the pessimists. *Vive le roi*, answer the hopeful. I do not fear for English cricket on account of shortage in raw materials. I have been heartened by those sounds of bat meeting ball along St. John's Wood Road. So long as the human material is forthcoming, the game will survive.

Literary Fortunes.—The fortunes left by literary men might leave one to imagine that literature is ill-paid, or alternatively that writers are improvident. If there was one man whom I should have expected to disprove such a notion Arnold Bennett was that man. I am surprised by the smallness of his estate, if the estimate of £100,000 is correct. Arnold Bennett was not only at the head of his profession, but he was besides shrewdly alive to the business side of it; and he was a dramatist of successful plays as well as a best seller. For many years he must have drawn an annual income of over £20,000. Yet a six-figure estate is almost unique among "self-made" literary men. I can only think of W. S. Gilbert, though Dickens and Hardy nearly approached the figure. Good literature has been profitable for nearly a century; it is no new blessing. The painstaking Trollope netted over £70,000 during his lifetime, and Mrs. Humphry Ward averaged £10,000 a novel for her most successful books. The truth, of course, is that many literary men's "earning capacity" increases at death, and to estimate truly the fortunes they leave, one should capitalize the income derived from royalties forty years on.

Summer Time.—There exists, I believe, a tiny section of the public (is it cowmen? Or perhaps shareholders in electric lighting concerns?) which, when the name of Willett crops up, quotes the line:

"The evil that men do lives after them."

Myself, in common with the vast bulk of citizens, I welcome Summer Time. Until now the worker within doors has been cheated of the sweets of Spring. And the very essence of Spring sweetness is to be enjoyed on a fine April evening between 5.30 and 7.30 (Summer Time). The blackbirds in Kew Gardens or even Kensington Gardens are witness if I lie.

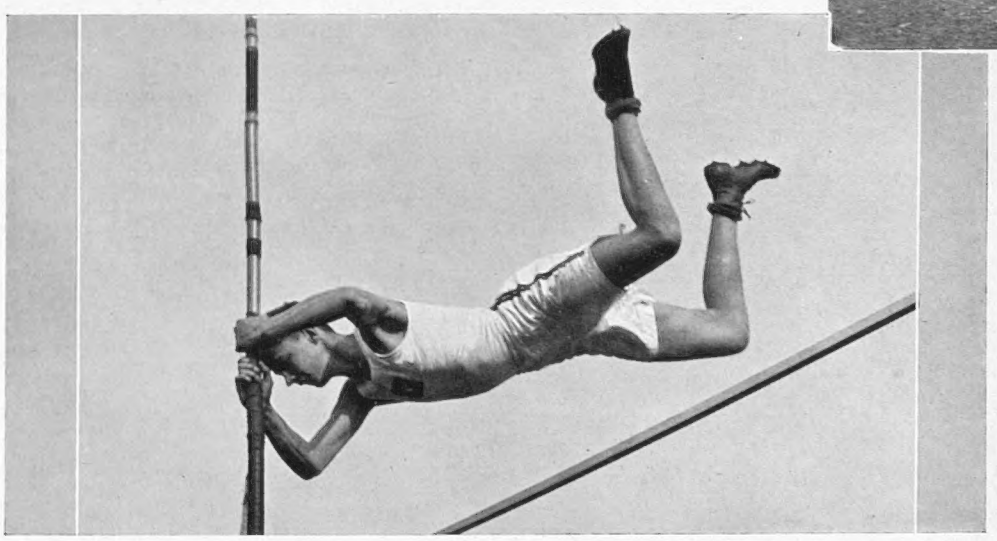
THE OLD STAGER.

The ROUND of the DAY

The Latest Home News in Pictures

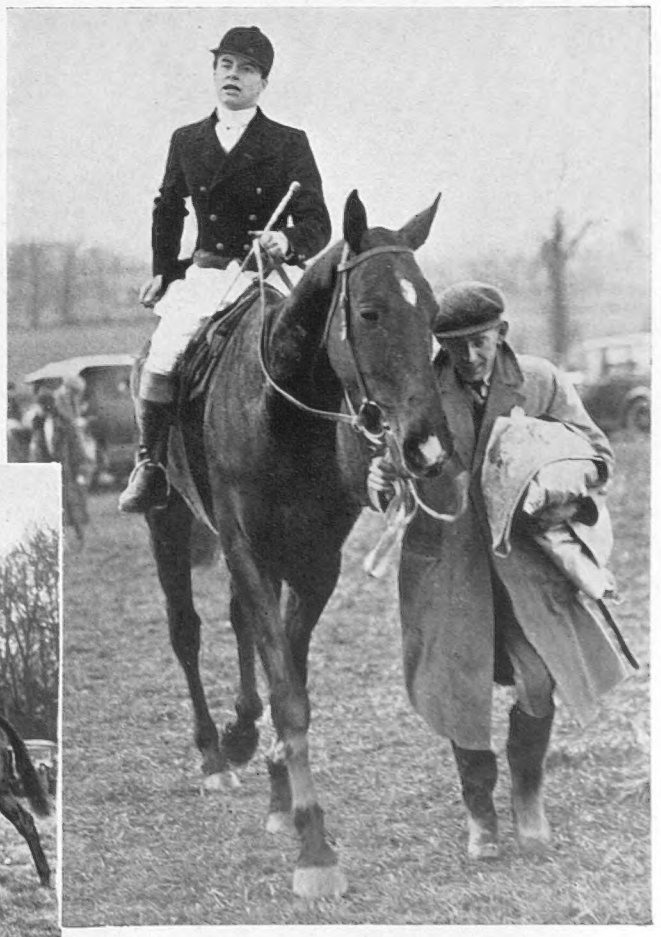
AT A SCOTTISH WEDDING: The bridal attendants at the marriage of the Duchess of York's cousin, Miss Pamela Bowes-Lyon and Lord Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton — a union of two of the oldest Scottish families. Lord Montagu of Beaulieu (in a kilt of the Douglas tartan) carried the bridal train

BRIDE AND GROOM: Lord Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton and Miss Pamela Bowes-Lyon during their wedding at the old Cistercian Abbey at Beaulieu. Carrying the train was Lord Montagu of Beaulieu. Other bridal attendants were the Hon. Caroline Scott-Montagu and Miss Seena Macintosh



THE MOST GRACEFUL OF FIELD-SPORTS: Mr. F. R. Webster (Belfast) in the pole-vault at the Public Schools Athletic Meeting at Stamford Bridge, makes a fine clearance. The atmosphere of Hellas is invariably evoked most strongly at any athletic meeting by this event

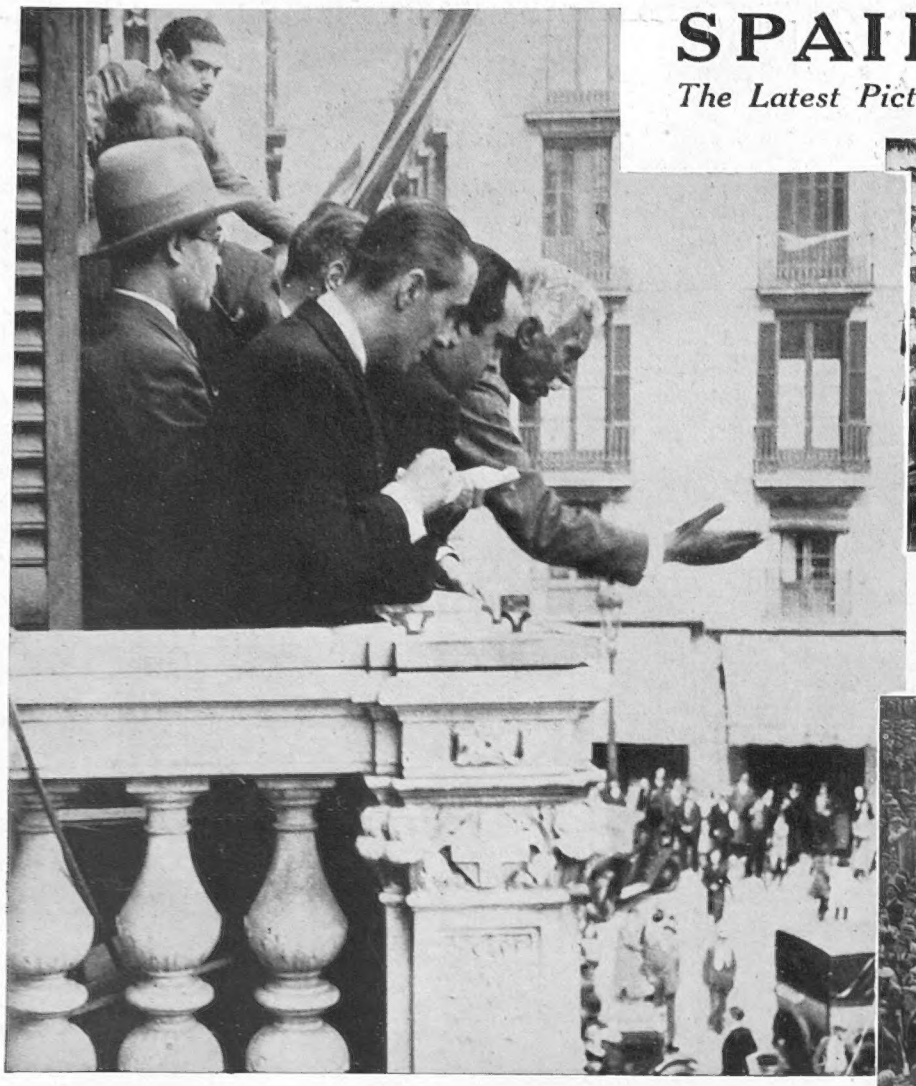
ROBOT HORSE AND HOUNDS: During the Vine Hunt Gymkhana and Horse Show, held at Beaurepaire Park, near Basingstoke, an effigy of the Master of the Hounds was one of the features. A competitor in the Handy Hunter Competition is seen above riding up to and saluting the effigy—one of the novel obstacles invented for the event



AN ORIENTAL VICTOR: Prince Aly S. Khan, mounted on *North Pole*, being led in after his victory in the Bar Lightweight Steeplechase during the Bar Point-to-Point Steeplechase held at Kimble, near Princes Risborough, Bucks. The great Chequers estate is quite near Kimble

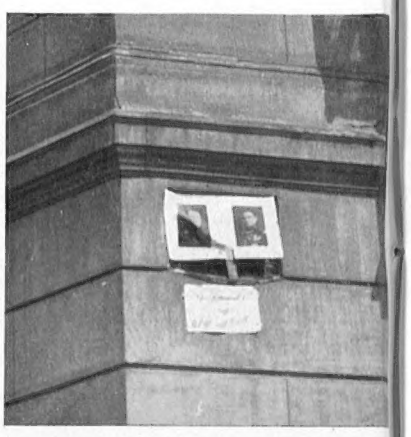
SPAIN: The Focus of the

The Latest Pictures from Barcelona and Madrid where Republican



"WE CATALANS DEMAND LIBERTY": Colonel Macia, the leader of the Separatists of Catalonia; addresses the crowds from the balcony of the Town Hall in Barcelona after the proclamation of the separate Catalonian Republic. In contrast to the peaceful revolution in Madrid, this new State was born in blood and rioting

SYMBOLIC: Workmen removing the royal crown from the ensigned gates of the War Office (which has not won a war for centuries)



RENAMED: The Square Isabel (named for the grandmother of the King) is now named after Captain Galan, a revolutionary executed last December

AFTERMATH OF THE REVOLUTION: The crowds thronging t life is clearly demonstrated in this picture; the proportion of women to men

SCHOOL-GIRL REPUBLICANS: Bodies of *les jeunes* of both sexes, sometimes, in fact, even of children, paraded the streets of Madrid on the proclamation of the Republic. Several bodies bore banners blazoned with purple, yellow, and white—the colours adopted by the Republic

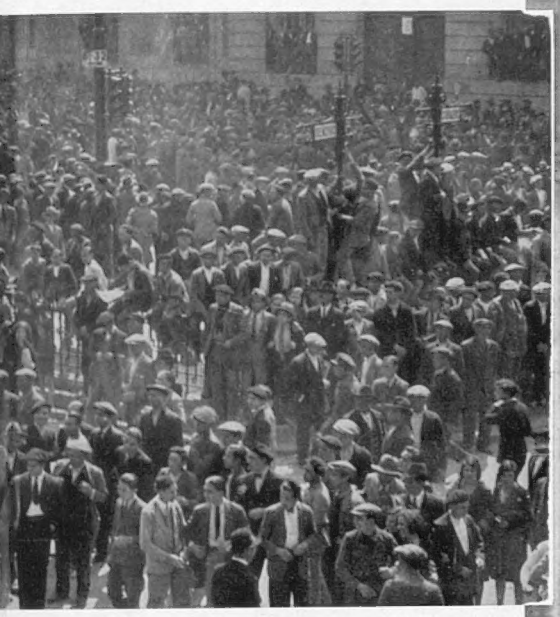
A COMPLICATION: Colonel Macia, the Provisional President of the Catalonian Republic, signs the proclamation at the Town Hall of Barcelona. Vast crowds assembled in the city square, cheering wildly when the Republican flag was hoisted and the proclamation was read out. The creation of this Separatist Catalan Republic has solved a problem which has vexed the Spanish Government for many years and engaged the sympathetic attention of Don Alfonso

REPUBLICAN DEMONSTRATION: Young men of all classes thronged the Puerta del Sol on the proclamation of the Republic. The temper of the country was revealed as unmistakably and enthusiastically anti-monarchical; but whether the enthusiasm will endure in the face of the Communist menace—or whether the Cortes Constituyentes will declare for the return of Don Alfonso—remains to be seen

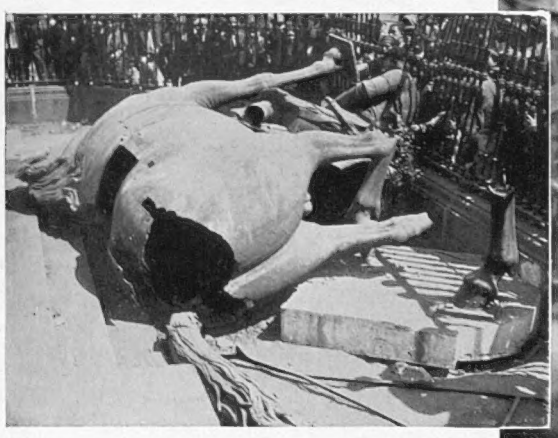
World's Eyes

Enthusiasm Runs High

REPUBLICAN PROPAGANDA: The base of the monument to King Alfonso XII in the *ci-devant* Royal Park, Madrid, has been defaced with Republican propaganda



Puerta del Sol. The conservatism of Spanish social much smaller than it would be in any other capital

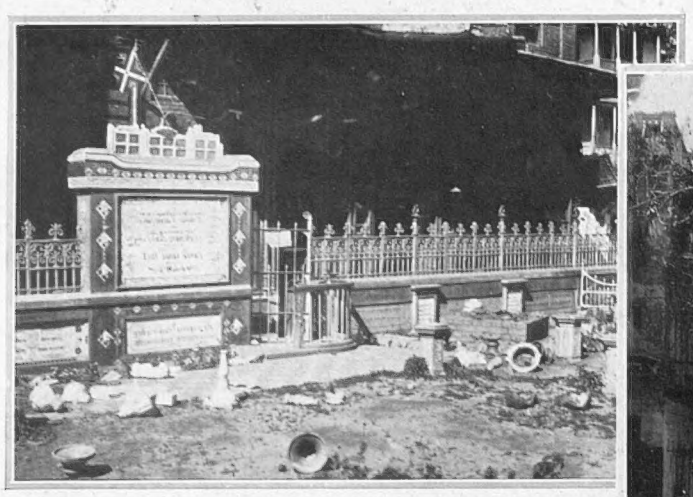


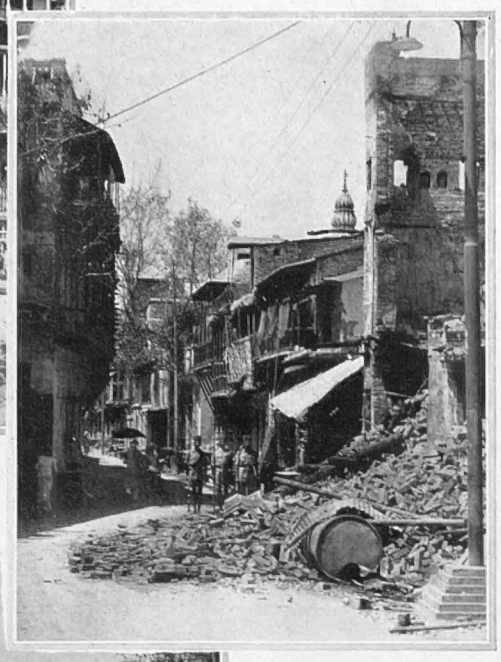
ANTI-MONARCHICAL DEMONSTRATION: The equestrian statue of King Philip IV overthrown by the Madrid crowd

THE REPUBLICAN NAVY: Even the Services have (for the moment) strong Republican leanings

THE MOMENT OF ECSTASY: Scenes of this type were ubiquitous in Madrid during the bloodless revolution. As in the France of 1789 every extempore speaker commanded an audience. The volatile blood of the Latin surged swiftly in Spanish veins, and the fiery words of the Latin eloquence kindled flames in Spanish hearts. Barcelona burst into riot and bloodshed, but Madrid expended its energy only in words

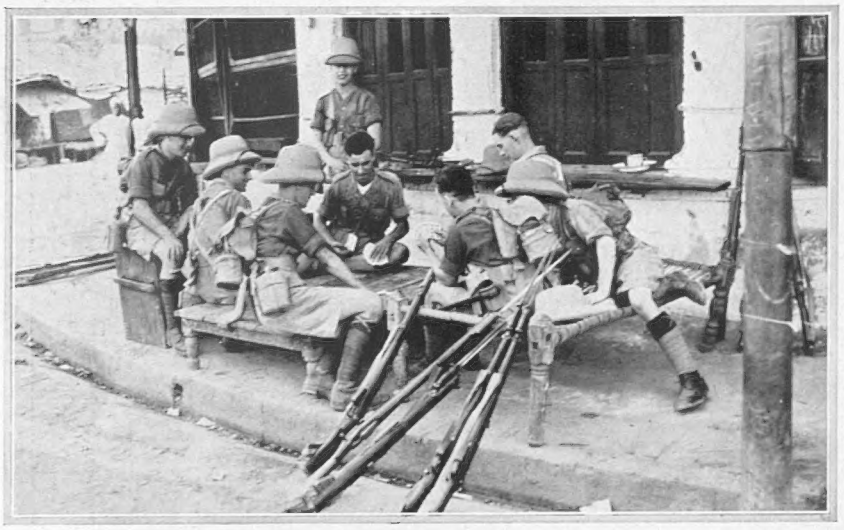
STILL SMILING: Don Alfonso in Marseilles en route for Paris and London. The ex-King arrived here on Tuesday



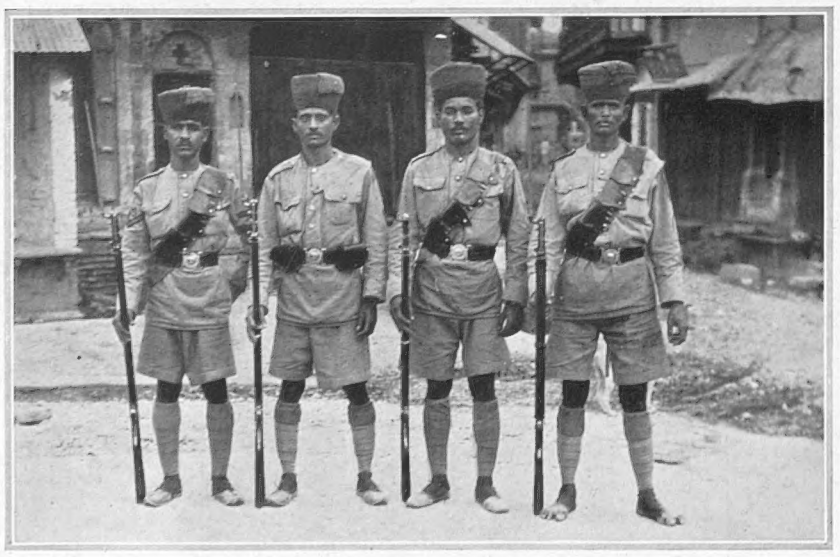


HAVOC WROUGHT IN CAWNPORE RIOTS: The remains of Roberts Cheddilal Park, after the mob swept through it. *On right*—The private residence of a rich Hindu banker completely wrecked and looted by Muhammadans

THE GWALTOLI MOSQUE: European residents described Gwaltoli Street as having all the appearance of having been wrecked by an earthquake. The Mosque was fired by Hindus, and many Muhammadans perished



DURING A LULL: The picket of the 2nd Battalion Highland Light Infantry, which did valuable work in restoring order, engaged in a game of cards during a pause in the street fighting



STAND AT EASE: Native policemen in Bekungan, where Muhammadans smashed and looted practically every house. These police did splendid service, treating the Hindu and Muhammadan rioter impartially. One officer, it will be noticed, has bare feet

IN INDIA TO-DAY

The Cawnpore Riots described by an Englishwoman

APRIL, 1931

Crash! Bang! A stone whizzed past my head and many hit the car. This was the first intimation I had that anything was wrong in Cawnpore. I was on my way down the Mall or main street to bring my boy from school on Tuesday afternoon when I saw a crowd ahead of me, but didn't worry as a crowd is common here. I got safely back home. Our home is on the Mall at a very busy cross-roads, and the same evening there were many small fights at our corner. There was a sense of heaviness and depression about—we did not really know how widespread the trouble was, nor if it was purely communal or directed against Europeans. Therefore we deemed it advisable not to venture forth, and that night, instead of sleeping on the open verandah, where it is very much cooler, we had our beds taken inside. There was a great deal of shouting in the bazaars all night, but the next morning all seemed O.K. and my husband went to the factory (just across the road) as usual. At about 10 a.m. I suddenly noticed that the machinery had stopped. Then an awful shouting arose, and my heart almost stopped with fear for him.

In a few minutes he came dashing in with a face like a sheet and said we must go into the factory at once as there was a huge crowd farther up the Mall attacking bungalows, murdering, etc. What had actually happened, as we learned later, was that a great crowd of Hindus had cornered some Muhammadans who had fled into some European compounds. There, one at least was done to death. Naturally, with an infuriated crowd all over the garden and at the front door as it were, the women within had rushed out by the back way into the mill compound.

Meanwhile the workmen had heard that their families were being attacked and they had demanded to go home.

When my husband appeared, fearful lest he should find that we had been attacked, he picked up the younger boy, and I took hold of the other and we dashed into the factory. Several women had already got there, and the gruesome tales of what they had seen and heard didn't serve to quieten our nerves. No one really knew much at all, although all had heard many stories.

Meanwhile, word came through that all the Auxiliary Force was mobilized, and we watched our men folk form up and receive 100 rounds of ammunition, rifles, and revolvers, and saw them detailed off to their various jobs. My husband in the Light Motor Patrol had to go into the streets, so I was rather apprehensive.

The rest of that day was somewhat of a nightmare. For one thing, it was terribly hot, 105 deg. in the shade. For another, there were lots of children who didn't care for the confinement of an office. Every time a door slammed we thought it was a shot, and by about three, when we'd been there eight hours, most of us were beginning to feel the need of at least a cup of tea. That we managed to acquire, and hung out as best we could till about seven. I then decided to go home with the children. All was quiet on our road, and there were pickets at the end of each street leading into it.

We stayed at home till about 10 p.m.; then, taking bedding, went back to our office barracks and made ourselves as comfortable as possible on the floor there. None of the memsahibs had much sleep—the awful, brutal cries, and terrified shrieks that continually rent the air, were enough to prevent that. However, in the morning the officer-in-charge reported all quiet in our immediate vicinity, and this time we went home to stay.

The trouble was entirely communal, and was therefore confined to the narrow streets and alleys of the native parts of the city. It is not yet over, though to-day things are much quieter. Lorry loads of dead pass by here on the way to burial—the stench as they pass is terrible.

The men who have been on patrol have seen terrible sights—corpses that have lain exposed in this hot atmosphere; mangled, mutilated remains that testify to the awful hate and rage that have gone to help make these riots the worst in recent history, and add yet one more hideous memory to the history of Cawnpore.

MAHATMA GANDHI, thread in hand, addresses informally his many disciples

BOXING *the* COMPASS

News from India, America and Japan

THE OUTGOING VICEROY: Lord Irwin, about whose Viceroyalty opinions range from the die-hard condemnation of vacillation and weakness to the Liberal admiration of statesmanship and just concessions, is seen above in a semi-official capacity at the Duke of Connaught's Commemoration Polo Tournament at the Imperial Delhi Polo Club

"THE ATMOSPHERE IS SWEETER": Lord Irwin at tea with Mrs. F. H. Mehta and Begum Shah Newaz. The phrase "The atmosphere is sweeter" was written about India by Lord Irwin in acknowleaging a letter of congratulation on his Viceroyalty sent to him by Major Graham Pole, M.P., and signed by many Members. The phrase is characteristic of his optimism, his idealism, and his delicacy

THE TIDE OF IMMIGRATION TURNS: A new aerial view of Ellis Island which, ever unpopular but ever thronged, is losing no whit of its unpopularity but a great deal of its "custom." In 1907 over 1,000,000 immigrants were examined on the island for their fitness to become citizens of the U.S.A., and the average number in the years until the outbreak of the War was above 700,000. Restriction in immigration and improved conditions and opportunities in the Old World have caused a noteworthy falling off in the numbers of seekers of American nationality. The number of emigrants from America is now greater than the number of immigrants seeking admission into the New World. Inset above on right—*A TRADITIONAL DRAMA OF JAPAN: Mr. Hirata, present chief of the "Me" Fire-fighting Squadron, presents the* Matoi *or fireman's standard to Mr. Uzæmon Ichikawa, who enacts the role of Shinmon Tatsugoro on the stage of the Kabukiza Theatre, Kyobashi, Tokio, in the famous play* Megumi no Kenka, *presented by the* Kabuki *actors. The* Matoi *is a principal factor in the drama and is a replica of the ancient* Matoi *used by the original hero of the episode now dramatized for the stage. Replicas of the traditional fireman's uniform are seen above*

A LAST LOOK ROUND

Late News of the Week in Pictures

1,457,863 PROTESTS AGAINST THE OPENING OF SUNDAY CINEMAS: Mr. W. S. Morrison, M.P., visited the Prime Minister when a petition bearing almost a million and a half signatures was delivered at No. 10, Downing Street. They were collected by the Lord's Day Observance Society, but the Bill was passed (on a non-party vote) by a 48 majority

THE RECORD HOLDERS: Miss Rudgard and Mrs. Bradshaw who, victorious last year, won this year the Britannia and Eve Northern Foursomes at Woodhall Spa. It is the first time in this event that the holders have won. The winners are seen above with Mrs. Hotchkin, who presented the prizes

THE OPENING OF THE ASTON CLINTON CLUB: The new Sports and Country Club was inaugurated by the Hon. Victor Bruce the other day. Many R.A.F. men from Halton Camp were present at the opening. Inset above—A LINK WITH GRACE DARLING: Mr. James Anderson, but two years off his century, lives in a cottage in Northumberland. He is a cousin of the immortal shipwreck heroine

LONDON'S WARM WELCOME TO DON ALFONSO: A great tribute, as great as ever was paid to any reigning Sovereign, was paid to the ex-King of Spain on his arrival at Victoria Station on Tuesday evening. A crowd of over 5,000 cheered him, some with Spanish vivats. He was welcomed by Lord and Lady Londonderry and Lord Wimborne, and was attended by the ex-Spanish Ambassador, the Marquis Merry del Val, who had met him at Dover, and the Duke of Miranda. The running boards of the King's car, during the drive to Claridge's, were assailed by cheering girls, who blew kisses to this smiling Spanish hero. Inset above on right is Miss Haglien of Bergen, dressed in the peasant costume of the Hardanger Fjord, who has come to London to advise English folk who are thinking of a Norwegian holiday of the best means of enjoying it

THE SPECTRE *of the* INCOME TAX

A Mournful Story of Facts and Figures

By REGINALD JAMES

Four thousand five hundred million pounds is a very large sum of money, even to-day, but it is the aggregate amount of income tax taken by the State from the British taxpayer since 1914. This sum is more than six times the size of the whole National Debt at the outbreak of War.

Income Tax stands on an entirely different footing from any other tax. Its yield is overwhelmingly the largest. The present fiscal year is estimated to produce in taxation about £695,000,000. Of this amount nearly £200,000,000 is obtained from the luxury taxes on drink and tobacco, and over £80,000,000 from estate duties. Of the remaining revenue, no less than £325,000,000 will come from Income Tax and its consort, Sur-Tax (which is the new name for Super-Tax), leaving only about £90,000,000 to be yielded by all other taxes, including those of the further luxuries of silk, motors, and entertainments.

The Income Tax payer, therefore, might almost be termed our fiscal beast of burden. The weight of the burden is even heavier than it might first appear by reason of the fact that it is carried by only 2,250,000 people. Great Britain has a population of 44,000,000, an electorate of nearly 30,000,000, but the lion's share of the taxation is borne by one-twentieth of the people.

Income Tax to-day is not used for its original purpose. It was primarily a War tax and, as such, was invaluable, for in times of national crisis people are always willing to sacrifice both life and wealth.

Although a tax on certain income had been levied so long ago as 1435, Income Tax as we know it to-day was really originated by William Pitt in 1798. The Tax was purely a war measure and was repealed in 1802 on the conclusion of the Treaty of Amiens. The next year, however, hostilities were renewed and the tax was restored for the duration of the war. For many years afterwards Income Tax found no place in our fiscal system, but in 1842 it was revived by Sir Robert Peel. It was intended that the revival should be temporary, as the proceeds were to be devoted to general purposes and not to financing a war. This intention, however, was never fulfilled, and Income Tax has now been with us continuously for nearly ninety years. The Tax, when restored, was at the rate of 7d. in the £, but the Crimean War caused it to be increased to 1s. 2d. in 1854 and 1s. 4d. in 1855. Peace, however, saw the restoration of the 7d. rate in 1857. By 1864 the Tax was down to 6d., and for a long period this rate was not exceeded.

By 1872 the rate had fallen to 4d. and the next year to 3d. In 1874, Mr. Gladstone, in his celebrated election address to the electors of Greenwich, energetically advocated the total repeal of Income Tax. As Gladstone was not returned to office the country was denied the fortune of the abolition of the Tax, although in 1874 the rate was reduced to its lowest figure of 2d. in the £, at which it remained for two years.

From 1875 the rate gradually crept up until, at the beginning of the present century, owing to the Boer War, it was back to 1s., rising to 1s. 3d. in 1902. The days of low Income Tax were then over and, save for one year at 11d. in 1903, the rate has not since been below 1s.

The growing activities of the Government and the extension of social services resulted in Mr. Lloyd George increasing the 1s. 2d. in 1909, with the addition of Super-Tax for those with £5,000 a year,

The outbreak of war in 1914 found the Income Tax payers already groaning under their burden. The necessity for providing funds to pursue the War to a successful conclusion rendered a further increase inevitable. This increase was not long delayed, and the rate of Income Tax was doubled as from December 5, 1914.

The Budget of 1915 left the standard rate at 2s. 6d., but the taxpayer's relief was short-lived. A second Finance Act was passed in the autumn, increasing the rates by 40 per cent. In another six months the 1916 Budget came along and up went the rate to 5s. This year there was no autumn increase, and 1917 passed with the rate remaining the same. In 1918, however, at a time when the British Army in France was in death grips with the German offensive, a further increase was made from 5s. to 6s. in the £.

The conduct of a modern war is an expensive matter, and the Government expenditure during the years 1914 to 1918 rose to almost meaningless figures. Whether these figures were swollen owing to reckless financial methods is of course another question. The taxpayer at home staggered under the burden, but in face of the appalling slaughter that was carried on overseas probably felt that the least he could do was to pay with good grace.

ALL EYES WILL BE TURNED UPON PARLIAMENT next Tuesday when Mr. Snowden introduces the second Socialist Budget of the present Government

A Man Owning £1,000,000 has no Annual Income!

In the case of a man aged forty-five with a capital of £1,000,000 and enjoying therefrom an income of £50,000 a year, the annual expenditure is as follows:—

	£
Income tax	11,132
Sur-tax	14,506
Net insurance premium (to meet all death duties)	25,349
Total	£50,987

The financial history of the early post-Armistice period is probably one of the most bitterly disappointing in our history.

When the financial year opened in April, 1919, hostilities had ceased for some five months, demobilization was in progress, and the country was settling down again to its peace-time activities. The coming year was viewed with hope and a return to normal was anticipated. But in that first year of peace the Government expenditure amounted to £1,665,772,928! and the National Debt increased by £400,000,000. This increase in the National Debt was alone twice as great as the total national expenditure of 1913–14.

At the conclusion of the Napoleonic wars a hundred years before it had been proposed to reduce the Income Tax by half, but instead it was repealed completely. No such relief, however, could be expected by the twentieth-century taxpayer, faced as he was with a National Debt of nearly £8,000,000,000 and governed by a Cabinet whose outstanding virtue was certainly not economy.

Three years later, however, the Finance Act of 1922 reduced the Income Tax from 6s. to 5s., and the next year saw another reduction to 4s. 6d., while in 1925 a further 6d. was taken off.

Judged by all pre-War standards, the 4s. rate was still excessive, but the relief that had been given did in some measure conform to the old principle that excessive Income Tax was a war-time impost, which should be lowered in peace-time, even if with no higher purpose than providing a reserve of taxable capacity to be drawn upon in case of another war.

Further reductions were hoped for, but the volume of Government expenditure gave no indication of an early fulfilment of these hopes.

The blow came last year when, in order to support the financial policy of successive Governments, Coalition, Conservative, and Labour, an increase of 6d. was made to the standard rate of Income Tax, with additions to the Sur-Tax.

An increase of 6d. in the Income Tax in time of peace was absolutely without precedent in our financial history.

It is possibly not fashionable to-day to spare much pity for the very rich, but it does seem that the burden of Income Tax and death duties presses inequitably on millionaires. In reply to a Parliamentary question during the current financial year, Mr. Snowden issued a very interesting table (inset in col. 2) showing the annual charge to a man who pays Income Tax and also takes out a policy of life insurance sufficiently large to meet all death duties, thereby leaving his estate intact.

It is often said that the rich have quite a lot left even after the tax collector has done his worst, but in the case now mentioned there is literally nothing left. In fact, the children of a millionaire wishing to succeed to his whole estate would be obliged not only to support their father but to make him an allowance of nearly £1,000 a year in order to enable his income to meet his outgoings!

Figures recently given in Parliament by the Chancellor showed that the amount of taxation in this country amounted to, roughly, £15 per head, compared with £10 in Germany and £9 in France. These figures do not necessarily afford an exact comparison, as international comparisons are notoriously very difficult, owing to such complications as local taxation, etc., but they do emphasize the very heavy burden of taxation borne by the Englishman, to his detriment, in the struggle with his industrial competitors.

The present system of taxation, while admittedly placing the burden on the broadest backs, is vicious by reason of the fact that the great bulk of the electorate almost entirely escape. Consequently, the average voter has little more than an academic interest in the nation's finances, and his pronouncement on the good things lavishly promised him by all three of our great parties is not in any way tempered by the knowledge that he will contribute to their cost.

A CARTOON OF 1797: The younger Pitt weighing down the British "Lion" with taxes. It is interesting to speculate what type of picture the cartoonist would evoke to-day!

Drawn by Girod

PRANCERS ON PEGASUS! Spring is the time for poets who bestride winged steeds which to-day seem more like hobby-horses, and even so appear too restive for the bards' comfort

SPRING: In Newspaper Office and in Verdant Field

By MARY CROSBIE

A respectable Victorian poet named A. Tennyson, who is now going up in our esteem along with crimson rep and wax flowers, once observed that "in the Spring" certain things happen. A. Tennyson was a close and accurate observer, and if he said that in the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest the wanton lapwing probably does so. An older poet noticed that Spring is the best time for pilgrimages. Probably he, too, was right. Or if pilgrimages have lost novelty, yet does Nature in Spring inflame the posters of the railway companies and prick our courage for Whitsun excursions. Spring is a time of putting forth, obviously. Whether you put forth new feathers, like the lapwing, or new posters, like the railways; whether it is the breaking of buds on a bough or of a piety that can function on a single fare and a third (departing by any train on Friday and returning by any train on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, and bedamned to those motor coaches); whether it is the mating instinct, or the instinct that perhaps combines all the rest, and puts forth a poem—something or several things must burgeon in Spring. And that word "burgeon" was invented to go with Spring time, as the word "bargain" was designed for sale time,

Spring, ring, sing, wing! a poet can get busy any day now. Sky, fly, good-bye can be tried out in various ways. Lamb, dam—not so amenable because of the doubtful sound of the dam, which teased a refined American lady so much that she wrote home about "the great Nile d——." Anyhow, there is enough of this Spring material to go round.

When the blackbird sings a stave right through without that depressed and uncertain pause which shows that he thinks he has mistaken the date or that a cat is stalking him, poets begin to sing too, and editors to order new supplies of those printed slips that carry their regrets. In less gentle days they dealt with the Spring rush by means of profanity and the wastepaper basket. But now, placated by a stamped-addressed envelope, they will nearly always send back your neat typescript with their own even neater regrets. Nearly always. It must be sad to be an editor in Spring, unable to respond to a thousand invitations to join the rustic dance or to greet the morn or to live-with-me. There he sits with a green shade over his eyes and his shirt-sleeves rolled up and a 2-foot cigar jutting from his mouth like a bowsprit, while little boys in enormous caps rush in and out as if the office were on fire—I speak film-wise, because not otherwise acquainted with that decorative kind of editor—there he sits contending with the telephone, slaying the small boys one by one, gesticulating with his cigar, while the soft shower of Spring verse falls around him. He may not arise like Solomon's fair one and come away. He can only send Spring back in its stamped addressed envelope.

It is very ancient, this urge to write of Flora and Aurora, Phœbus and the zephyrs, or whatever the fashionable emblems of the moment may be. (Frogs, slime, scum, snared birds, and shot conies are rather popular in spring poems just now.) When the sower begins to go across the bare earth and sap rises in the sallows, Corydon is taken out of his paper wrappings and oaten pipes are tuned—"for lo, the winter is over and the time of the singing of the birds is come."

Even the austere John Milton wrote a "Song on May Morning"; and as for his Elizabethan predecessors, they rioted among the young leaves: John Lyly, for one, bursting out with "Cuckoo, cuckoo!" in loud enjoyment. Shelley wrote "A Dream of Spring," and if Keats hymned Autumn as the season of "mists and mellow fruitfulness" he stood tiptoe on a little hill when May was in flower. Christina Rossetti, James Thompson, Sir John Suckling—I am just casting back into a rather careless memory—Spenser, Shakespeare—and Adelaide Anne Proctor!—sang of Spring and probably *in* Spring. Even the stiff Emerson deserted the empyrean when Spring came his way, though he called it "coy Spring," which is pretty bad. Pope, too, whom Miss Sitwell lately crowned, wrote of—

". . . that soft season when descending show'rs
Call forth the greens and wake the rising flow'rs."

And in spite of the costermongerish sound of "greens," it is neither more nor less than the truth.

They all did it. They all do it, when the smoke above the thatch goes up straight and blue, and the tops of the beeches are aglow. Here and there a muscular moralist like Charles Kingsley squares his shoulders and praises the wild North-Easter. But it is a self-righteous perversity such as praises cold baths, oatmeal porridge, and early rising. The natural poet writes of the time when—

"Green leaves and blossoms and warm sunny weather,
And singing and loving all come back together."

It is what Gray called "Vicissitude"—the perilous and lovely chances and changes of this mortal life—that moves them. Winter has gone. Spring has come. The dark trees bud. The sky is big and distant. And we are all young and lusty as eagles, mounting the tall air. Gray put it a bit differently:

"New-born flocks in rustic dance
Frisking, ply their feeble feet,
Forgetful of their wintry trance,"

which is just what the poets do. "Feeble feet"? Yes, decidedly so, sometimes, and the editor can do nothing but regret. "Feeble feet," like "Mobled queen," is good.

A BONE of CONTENTION

Cyprus—Once Isle of the Gods

It is a truism that we seldom appreciate the true value of a thing until we are deprived of it. This is most applicable to Cyprus, that island of the easternmost corner of the Mediterranean. It is truly called the isle of the gods, just as Philae, now alas! nearly submerged, was regarded as the "Holy Isle," because it was reputed to be the burial ground of Osiris.

The history of Cyprus is amazingly rich for its size. But this deficiency (?) is easily made up by its beauty, its climate, and the glimpses which it affords of what the world was in Christ's time. Religion has always played a great part in the history of Cyprus. From the old mythology down to the Christian era this island has always been a centre of very great importance in connection with the question of worship and of the "life after death."

Shrines of the gods of Phœnicia and Greece were here—Aphrodite's being the most renowned, then, as it is to-day. Homer refers to the island in the Odyssey as the home of Aphrodite.

Cyprus has been under a dozen different nations since the Ionian revolt in B.C. 500 in Asia Minor, and Herodotus describes the important part which Cyprus played in it. Two centuries later Zeno, who was a Cypriot, founded the Stoic school of philosophy.

Ptolemy Lathyrus, who was driven from his throne in Egypt by Alexander and Cleopatra in the first century B.C., ruled over an independent kingdom of Cyprus until the Roman occupation. In B.C. 47 Cæsar gave the island to Cleopatra's brother and sister, but Strabo relates that Antony afterwards gave it to Cleopatra.

Cyprus was the first country to be governed by a Christian ruler.

At the beginning of the second century the Jews in Cyprus revolted, massacring thousands of Greeks. Cyprus then became a proconsulship of the Byzantine Empire, during which period Muhammad's father-in-law captured Kition, the modern town of Larnaca. The Emperor Isaac's reign over Cyprus was very short, and it was put an end to by Richard the Lion Heart's arrival in the island on his way to the third Crusade (Berengaria of Navarre was crowned Queen of the English in Cyprus). The Templars and the Lusignans and the Venetians ruled Cyprus until the Turkish conquest, which lasted three centuries.

In 1878 the government of Cyprus by Great Britain began. At the outbreak of War in 1914 the island was annexed, and in 1915 the island was offered to Greece, in the panic of the Bulgarian occupation of Serbia provided that Greece marched forthwith to the aid of Serbia. This offer, most fortunately for Great Britain, as it is now gradually being realized, was declined.

In 1925 it became a British Colony, and the title of the King's representative was changed from High Commissioner to Governor.

Ever since Greece's providential refusal of Cyprus, the Greek Cypriots have been agitating for union with Greece. Deputations from Cyprus have been to London time and again, but without avail. Every little opportunity to open up the subject again is seized upon, and phrases from speeches of various British statesmen are grasped and re-shaped into definite promises that Great Britain will hand over the island to a lot of malcontents, whose only object is the plucking of plums out of a mythical pudding. But the striking part of what is now a definitely absurd affair, is that except for a very small party in Greece, the Greek nation has no desire to be burdened with Cyprus.

The state of affairs in Cyprus to-day is not good. The progress of the island is being retarded by the puerile yet, in view of the illiteracy of the majority of the people, highly dangerous activities of the ring-leaders of the "Union with Greece movement." The Greek-Cypriot population has been bullied and bribed into manifesting a desire for union with Greece, an attitude which they are quick to change once they are out of sight of their tormentors. The Government of Cyprus has so far ignored these activities and has taken no steps to stop the reviling of Great Britain and everything and everyone British, but it is generally acknowledged that this erroneous policy will have to be changed without delay. If it is not it will soon be too late to remedy matters without having recourse to very stern methods. From almost every point of view Cyprus is becoming more and more important every day.

FAMAGUSTA: The ruined Church of St. George of the Greeks, showing on the right the Mosque of St. Sophia, once the Cathedral of St. Nicholas

SPRING LAMB

Gambolling on the English and the Scottish Countryside

OVINE INNOCENCE: An enchanting picture of family life among the Spring lambs—which almost (though not quite) makes one regret mint sauce!

NOT RAMS BUT EWES: Horned sheep in Angus. The black-faced ovines produce snowy offspring. One lamb prefers not to walk!

WOOLLY WANDERERS: Lunch time in a field near Tonbridge, where lambs of many ages gambol on the verdant sward

GAMBOLLING BY A KENTISH RIVER: A vernal idyll near Maidstone

The lambing season may be said to have come to a close last week, with varying reports from the different counties. Devon, not so good, with fewer twins than usual; Shropshire, up to the average, and fat lambs have been setting well; the open weather in Warwickshire has given the lambs a good start. The pictures here given were taken within the last ten days. The sheep population is about 13,000,000 nowadays, in 1865 the number was 35,600,000

BY THE RIVERSIDE: A scene at Teston Bridge, near Maidstone. The youngest lambs in this picture were not fourteen days old when the photograph was taken. *Inset above*—THE MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS—out of a beer bottle. A lamb brought up thus in Cambridgeshire is known as a "kady" lamb

LENIN'S BREED :

The New Type of Citizen Aimed at b
is One Animated by a Purely C

By J. BAKER WHITE

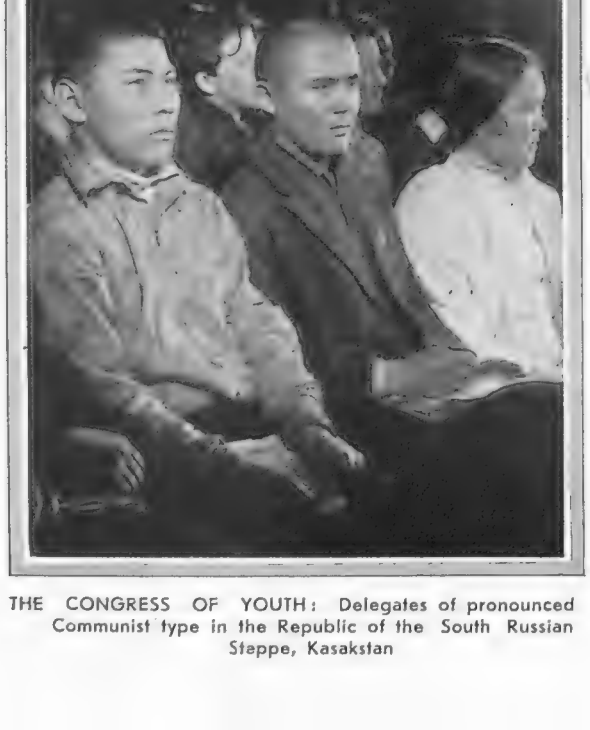
THE NURSERY OF A WORKERS' CLUB: The State maintains these nurseries. The woman in charge is a very characteristic Communist type. The children are divided into age groups

DEMONSTRATION IN A COSSACK VILLAGE: This shows how, at a very tender ag drilled and collectivized. It is questionable whether they understand the significance of wh the banners they bear—with so little pride

"The whole settlement . . . gave me the impression of something exotic and foreign . . . it all seemed to me much more like a film of life in the Wild West than a piece of real Russia." These words were written by an unprejudiced observer, familiar with Russian conditions before and after the Revolution, after a visit to a Soviet State farm. In them he expresses the impression of many who knew the Russian people under Tsarism and who are studying them to-day. One visitor after another returned from Russia tells you the same thing. The older people, industrial workers and peasants, are much as they used to be before the Revolution. But the younger people and the children are totally different, utterly un-Russian in their outlook and their mode of life. These visitors are perfectly correct in their impression, for after nearly thirteen years of Bolshevism in power a new breed is being produced—Lenin's breed. Leading lives in utter contrast to those of their forbears. Sternly disciplined physically, but undisciplined morally. Scorning the God of the Christians and the Muhammadans, but fanatical devotees of the cult of Leninism.

Bolshevism is regarded almost always as a political problem, but Bolshevism in action, as in Russia to-day, stands for a complete change in the whole human life in all its fundamental aims and interests. It stands for the creation of a type hitherto unknown in history, the collective man and the collective woman, units in the impersonal mass of the Soviet State. In his works Karl Marx aimed at such a type, but it was Lenin who made its creation a practical possibility. That is why Lenin in Russia to-day is looked upon as a god and his doctrines as a religion.

To produce the type that is growing up in Russia to-day Lenin and his fellow-leaders realized that they had to destroy ruthlessly and absolutely the old Russia. They started on the aristocracy and the *bourgeoisie*, deprived them of their power and possessions, executed thousands, forced millions to flee the land in peril of their lives, and enslaved the remainder as units in the Soviet State, without rights and without goods. Then they attacked religion. The attack was not restricted, as some believe, to Christian beliefs, but was directed against Muhammadanism as well. At first the onslaught was of intense ferocity, involving the execution, imprisonment, and expulsion of priests, the destruction of churches and shrines. Then it took a more subtle turn and became a "cultural" war on religious beliefs, and above all a war on the whole principle of family life. The home was attacked because the Bolsheviks saw they could never destroy the religious beliefs of the older people. They saw that their success must lie in capturing the young people and the children, so they made their goal the destruction of family life and home influences.



THE CONGRESS OF YOUTH: Delegates of pronounced Communist type in the Republic of the South Russian Steppe, Kasakstan

Having destroyed the middle and upper classes, and having crippled religion, the Bolsheviks set about building the new State and creating the new type. They set up a new god, a visible god, The Machine, the creation of Lenin. They captured the fanaticism latent in so many Russians which formerly had found its outlet in religion, and diverted it to the new religion of Leninism. After his death Lenin became a god. Though the Bolsheviks had taken the bodies of saints from their shrines and put them in the Atheist Museum side by side with the preserved bodies of cats and mice, they embalmed Lenin's body and put it in a gigantic shrine in front of the Kremlin, to be the Mecca of all Soviet citizens. Though they had destroyed the hearts of saints preserved in churches, the Bolsheviks preserved Lenin's brain. To-day, in Russia, Lenin is the mainspring of the Soviet Scheme. Leninism is the true Bolshevik faith. The type he envisaged is the type his successors are attempting to create out of the rising generation.

The Bolshevik plan for the creation of the collective man and woman is amazingly thorough. It starts from the cradle. Almost as soon as a child is born he or she becomes virtually the property of the Soviet State. As soon as the woman is well enough she returns to her work in the factory, and her baby is cared for in State nurseries. The mothers may come from the factory in the interval to feed their babies, but the basis of family life and affection is destroyed in the cold, impersonal machinery of the State "mass nursery." The collective man or woman of the future has become one more of Lenin's breed.

The children grow up in the nurseries attached to the blocks of workers' dwellings or factories. The hours they spend actually with their parents are mostly passed in sleep. In the nurseries they are divided into age groups, and whilst still very young they are trained to do everything "by numbers." They have a fixed daily regime, marching to and from their meals, playing "by numbers," even sleeping "by numbers." The individuality of the child is destroyed, and the second stage in the creation of the collective man and woman is achieved.

GIRL GYMNASTS: The new Russia is determined to race at all costs. Not only are exercises State body, the training of the mind goes on. Even Gymnasts of this type are frequently to be seen in Soviets and are, to be candid, the best advertisements

The Young Russians of To-Day

the Soviet System
lectivist Ideal

As they grow up they are told of the greatness of Lenin and the machines, of the futility of religious beliefs. The brave knights, the beautiful princesses, and the great castles of one's childhood's days are replaced in the Soviet States by Lenin, the red soldier killing a capitalist, and by factories and tractors. The boys and girls are enrolled into the children's sections of the Komsomol, the Young Communist League. In the Komsomol they receive a definite atheist training and the grounding of a severe physical training. In Russia the Soul does not matter, but the outer body trained for the service of the State is of vital importance. At a very tender age they begin to take part in processions, units in the disciplined mass, carrying banners, shouting slogans in unison, singing revolutionary songs. You can see these children at the demonstrations in Moscow and elsewhere on May Day and other revolutionary festivals. They pass by, rank after rank, in charge of their instructors, mechanically shouting slogans at the word of command, singing songs they do not understand.

children are is written on

The rising Russian generation born before the Revolution is growing up, living a strange kind of theatricalized life, surrounded by propagandist influences. The young men and women who go into the factories find themselves under an iron discipline, listening continually to the slogan, "Complete the Five Year Plan in Four Years." Steps are taken to eradicate any traces of family life influences that may be left in them. Propaganda posters meet them at every corner, propaganda newspapers and literature cover the tables in the clubrooms. When they go to the cinema or theatre they see propaganda plays and films. They are induced by force of propaganda to join factory "shock brigades" to speed up production. The same force brings them into physical culture groups of the Proletarian Sports Society. Continually they are called upon to take part in demonstrations, marching side by side with the Red Army and other factory workers, listening to interminable propaganda speeches. When the young men begin to take their pre-military instruction preparatory to conscription, they are given a political training as well. They return from the barracks to the factory disciplined physically and mentally. The girls are organized in similar fashion, encouraged to go in for physical culture or to take up art, which is purely propagandist in Russia. Those who seem fervent Communists are picked for training as teachers for the next collective generation. Many of them receive a Red Cross training and even rifle instruction, convinced by propaganda that Russia is in danger of attack. Many of them live freely and openly with the young men, despising morals as "bourgeois." Or they may go through the farce of a State marriage by filling in a form, to get a divorce a few months later by filling in another. When their children are born they go into the collective nurseries, units in another collective generation.

Though some of the older people are staunch and active Communists, the Bolshevik leaders are not troubling about the bulk of the older generation, for they recognize that they cannot succeed in changing the habits and beliefs of years. Until about two years ago their success with the rising generation had been restricted mainly to the towns. They had made little headway among the peasants or among the peoples of Asiatic Russia with their age-old customs. But now, with the collectivization of agriculture, they are capturing the rising peasant generation. They are establishing "women's communes" to do the same work as the collective nurseries of the factories. On the collective farms the young workers march to and from their work and undergo physical training. Those who cannot read or write are taught to "liquidate their illiteracy." Everywhere there are posters and "wall newspapers" to propagate them and there is the propaganda wireless in the State and collective farms. In Asiatic Russia the Soviet has declared war on the Moslem veil of the women. To-day it is possible to see Uzbek women at physical drill and Kazak girls driving tractors on the collective farms. In Samarkand there are day nurseries in the silk mills, so the process successful in European Russia has been carried to Asia. The cult of Leninism has extended to the very borders of India.

Nearly seventeen years have passed since the outbreak of the World War, and thirteen years since the Bolshevik Revolution. The Russian babies of 1914 are now absorbed in industry or agriculture; the babies of the post-Revolution period of military Communism are in the Soviet schools. So Lenin's scheme is taking practical shape, his type is becoming a reality. A new generation is growing up enlisted in the service of Bolshevism. Religion, the family, morality, means nothing to it. Its religion is the word of Lenin, its gods blast furnaces, mines, engines, and tractors. Its life is centred round the factory, the worker's club, the propaganda cinema, and the sports stadium. Its moral code can be summed up in the words of Lenin, "We do not believe in eternal principles of morality."

The Bolsheviks tell this generation that it has been freed from the slavery of Tsarism. Yet it has but changed one slavery for another, the slavery of an autocracy for slavery of the machine. In Russia to-day everyone is subordinated to the Five Year Plan, driven to breaking-point to make it a success. But can such a state of affairs continue? The Soviet leaders declare that there is unbounded enthusiasm for the Plan. This may be so, for their propaganda machine is very efficient. But one day disillusion may come. The great mass of the Russian people, collectivized and mechanically organized, slow to anger but ruthless and terrible when aroused, may wake to the realization that they are not free but in chains, that they have exchanged one tyranny for another, that they are slaves of a merciless dictatorship.

And it may be that generations of collective men and women may find their souls again, revolt against the slavery of their machine god and in their fury destroy their creators. Lenin's breed is a dangerous type. It is a danger to established society, but it may become a terrible danger to the men and women who sit in those grim grey offices in the Kremlin, putting into practice the doctrines of the man whose body lies in the granite mausoleum in the square below.

SOCIAL SERVICE: Washing up is a part of school curriculum in the Children's Home in Moscow

EVERYTHING BY NUMBERS: First exercises in instruction for the development of the hands given to pupils of the factory apprenticeship school of the Water Workers' Union, Kiev

have fit citizens to carry out her ideas and carry on her instituted, but coincidentally with the training of the this batch of girls is carrying a propagandist banner. the processions so frequently organized by the various of its system Russia has yet shown to the civilized world

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

ALFONSO'S ABDICATION.—The dramatic abdication of King Alfonso of Spain, poignant in its significance as yet another milestone of this democratic age, emphasizes the Spanish King's consistency in personal ideal of duty, regardless as to how his contemporaries or posterity may choose to interpret this newly-written page of history.

His last words as king before the final Council in Madrid—"I know my duty. Spain does not want me, yet I have always had her welfare at heart, and never have I done anything that might injure the best interests of my country"—expressed his sincerest sentiments. King Alfonso was always an honest man *vis-à-vis* his job as king. He loves sport, travel, simplicity and freedom, but shouldered his responsibilities like the sportsman he is. Sitting in the golden drawing-room of the Royal Palace in Madrid, he told me a few years ago that to be king is "no fun," but "a life of sacrifice."

Privileged during Spain's difficult days in 1925 to a long conversation with King Alfonso in Madrid, on subjects political, economic, and social, I wrote at the time: "Surely never was a king so well posted as Alfonso of Spain as he discussed and quoted statistics and precedents with the accuracy and the rapidity of machine-gun fire . . . . if ever a man honestly tried to acquit himself of his responsibility, Alfonso does." When I expressed surprise at the intensity of his interest in every phase of life in all classes of the people, he said that he owed it to the beautiful character of his mother, Queen Maria Cristina, "who by example and practice instilled in me the meaning of duty, developed in me an understanding love of my country, fired in my heart a determination to secure the peace, happiness, and freedom of the people who are hers and mine, as we are theirs, by sheer devotion."

At that time he esteemed his duty in kingship on an uncomfortable throne. To-day he sees it in compliance with his people's wishes for a Republic. "Spain does not want me." The Spanish stage is cleared for the experiment of a Republic, as Alfonso XIII, born king, makes his exit.

LADY OF JAPAN.—Amazingly frank revelations in *How to Become a Geisha*, by the famous Geisha, Miss Utako Hanazono, throw piquant sidelights on Japan's traditional national institution. Miss Hanazono declares that beauty alone is no key to success. The Geisha with temperament, intellect, and understanding attracts more than the girl who depends upon her looks and "kindness."

Admitting that she is not pretty, that she could become fond of a man momentarily but would probably tire of him within a short time, and finally that having been born in the Year of the Horse, she is a "Hinoeuma" girl who are supposed to eat their husbands, the authoress claims to be a competent authority on Geisha popularity. The value she places on her success apparently is negligible. She calls her vocation a "dirty business," and confides that she is looking for a good patron who will release her. "It is time, too; I have been a Geisha for ten years." And has not saved any money it seems. "On paper it is possible to save, but in actual fact I cannot—or I do not—put any money away because of the many small sums which slip out of my purse without my realizing it."

"Please take note of the fact," Miss Hanazono writes, "that I have the Geisha conscience and the Geisha ability to tell everything about a person at a glance, from the contents of his pockets to his torn socks."

Ten years of work have qualified her to be independent as a Geisha Supervisor, but she prefers to work under a master because it is easier and allows more time to study and to play.

THE YEARS OF OUR LIFE.—"I know an old oak tree that is said to be one hundred years old. How strong that tree still is! Its age does not hinder it from bringing forth new buds and leaves. Could not mankind age like that? To live to be a hundred years old should not be anything extraordinary. . . ." Thus philosophizes the aged President, Thomas G. Masaryk of Czechoslovakia, in an interview with Dr. Storch-Mariena.

But "How to live to be a hundred" is the problem which has tantalized man since earliest times. Necromancers, alchemists, and scientists in turn have evoked the mirage of immortality, the illusory elixir of youth, or promise of longevity before humanity tenacious of life, often for no other reason than fear of death.

Mrs. Mary Ann Priest, who celebrated her 102nd birthday last Spring, declared that she would not tell the world how to live to be a hundred, even if she could. "Living to this great age is not worth while," Mrs. Priest said. "I live in another age—almost another world. The world to-day goes on without me."

Dr. Greef, a German physician, has been making a study of the lives and antecedents of Germany's twenty-eight centenarians, to try to find a clue to the secret of their longevity. He has discovered, in Germany at least, that in the race of long-life for the one hundredth birthday, women have a four-to-one better chance than men. Of the twenty-eight centenarians, twenty-three are women—only five are men.

THE GLASS OF U.S. FASHION ATTAINTED: Major Walker of New York leaves California, where he has been on holiday, to face charges brought against him. He is carrying a "10 gallon hat," in the vernacular of the West

Following the fact that women are favourites with life, it is interesting to learn that it is well-nigh as difficult for a millionaire, or rich man, to attain a century as it is for the proverbial camel to go through the needle's eye. There is not a wealthy man or woman among the twenty-eight. Seventeen of them have lived all their lives on farms, eight in small towns, and only three in large cities. Not one of them is a heavy drinker, teetotaller, or vegetarian. Moderation in eating and drinking is stressed by all. All have drunk much milk, especially goat's milk. The oldest of all is a woman. She is 105, and says she "is passionately fond of tea." Next in age is a 104-year-old village shoemaker who admits that he likes his two or three "schnaps" (brandy) daily. There are no non-smokers among the five men, but not one of them has been a heavy smoker. The recipe they give for one hundred years of life is—"Good humour, moderation, good constitution, fresh air, and the fewest possible worries."

This last recommendation is echoed in the findings of Professor Michaikoff, who investigated the lives of Bulgaria's 158 centenarians. He hesitates to credit traditional Bulgarian longevity, usually ascribed to yoghurt (sour milk), entirely to that famous diet, but claims that the care-free state of illiteracy is also a factor. Their unruffled mental lives eliminate nerve wear and tear. Only twelve of the 158 can read and write. Ninety-five per cent. have been vegetarians all their lives. Three per cent. occasionally eat meat. Two per cent. eat meat regularly. Twenty per cent. are teetotallers. Two-thirds never smoke, and women are in the majority. The parents of three-quarters of their numbers died between the ages of eighty and a hundred.

"Uncle Tommy" Kemp of Poplar Bluff, U.S.A., certified 118 years old, rejoices at having lived a "normal" life that included the moderate use of tobacco and coffee. Amongst the 101st birthday gifts for Mr. Thomas Fenner of Chichester were bottles of wine and whisky, cigars and tobacco. He was formerly the district representative of a brewery and "Not good propaganda for the advocates of total abstinence," he said. France's oldest woman, Madame Lavigne, was still hearty and hungry on her 106th birthday. She told inquirers that she had always eaten and drunk everything she ever wanted, and until the age of 104 was employed as a goatherd. Chief White Horse Eagle, head of 105 Indian tribes in the United States, travelled to Paris to celebrate his 107th birthday in the Gay City. "I have smoked for a hundred years," he said. Joseph of Limassol, Cyprus, tended the garden of Terra Santa Church, walking without a cane until he was 132 years old.

The Empire's oldest man is claimed to be an Indian of the Madras Presidency aged 140 years. His wife is 110. Last October, Brazilian Rosa da Costa died at the age of 150 years, leaving eighteen children, fourteen sons and four daughters, all of whom are over 100 years old. Jose Perera, native of Gibraltar, known locally as "Jose the Lad," is the 102-year-old youngest son of a 127-year-old mother. Mother and brothers were still living a couple of years ago. Signorina Maria Scandurra of Sicily is 124 years old. Ibrahim Goyan, the village butcher of Djakovica, Jugoslavia, remarried at 108. Zara Agha, born 1774, aged 157, recently arrived in England. All his life a quasi-vegetarian, he now subsists on vegetables, fruit, and sour milk. Dr. Harriet Clisby, the oldest living doctor in the world, celebrated her 100th birthday last August, and attributes her long life to a diet of vegetables. The oldest man in the British Isles, Patrick Flood of Killegney, reputed to be 115 years old, died in December, leaving the Hon. Catherine Plunket of Ballymascanlan, aged 110, in possession of the laurels. But the oldest man in the world is undoubtedly Li Ching-yun, certified by existing records to be 250 years old. He teaches his disciples to "Keep a quiet heart, sit like a tortoise, walk sprightly like a pigeon, and sleep like a dog."

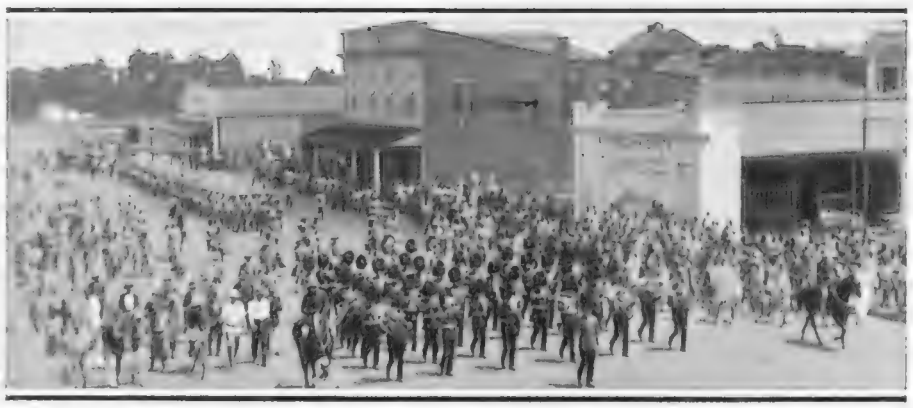
"Old age is all wrong," according to Sir James Crichton-Browne, who declared that the average length of human life should be 100 years.

FRANCE'S LATEST COLONY: Clipperton, the island awarded to France (against Mexico) by the arbitrator, King Victor Emmanuel. An article upon this bone of contention appeared in a recent issue of "The Sphere"

TURN TO THE WEST.—South America as the new source of spiritual values and possible saviour of the world from the "cold intellectuality" of Americanization, Sovietization, and Mechanization, is the latest vision of Count Hermann Keyserling, founder of the "School of Wisdom."

Count Keyserling believes that "Humanity has grown so large that we can neither love humanity as a whole nor even our neighbour." The philosopher grants that the "inevitable neighbour" is often more difficult to love. "We must construct a new and truly human life on the basis given us by mechanical developments. We must re-humanize society."

In the emotionalism of South America Count Keyserling sees salvation from the materialism of this era which, he claims, has "resulted in a cruelty such as has not been known before. A heartlessness, a lack of feeling typified in the crime waves of America, where Al Capone is regarded as a superior person and where many people make fortunes out of breach of promise suits."



THE GUARDS' BAND ON TOUR: After touring the Union of South Africa, the band of the Grenadier Guards went to Salisbury, capital of Southern Rhodesia, where it attended the opening of the Legislative Assembly. It is seen above preceded by outriders of the British S.A. police and by the pipers and two platoons of the 1st Battalion, Rhodesia Regiment

"THE SPHERE" SURVEYS *the* WORLD

THE RECLAMATION OF THE ZUYDER ZEE MAY BE ABANDONED at the end of this year owing to a sharp decline in the value of cultivated land which renders it probable that the work will end in a deficit. Protests on behalf of fishing and shipping interests against continuation have already been lodged. A member of the Socialist Party declared in the Dutch Parliament that the Zuyder Zee fishing industry produced over half-a-million sterling last year and this would dwindle to nothing when the main dyke was completed, with its inevitable throwing out of work of the fishermen. The deficit on the reclamation of the Wieringenmeer Polder, it was alleged, would be several million florins, while the deficit on the entire work would amount to eighty millions sterling. Advice is being sought on the matter, but the proposed stoppage may prove impracticable. No further attempts to reclaim other polders at any rate will be made. *Above* is the dyke from Wieringenmeer to Friesland, and *inset* the wattle cylinders used in making the dam

TURNING NIGHT INTO DAY: The hard and late winter has caused a serious delay of Spring sowing in Germany, and agricultural work is, with characteristically Teutonic efficiency, being carried on at night to make up for lost time. By means of fitting highly powered headlamps, ploughing and harrowing are successfully carried on during hours formerly dedicated to the drowsy god

MONTENEGRO'S KING: King Nicholas of Montenegro who, in the Balkan war of 1912, made for himself a reputation as a royal hero, has just been honoured by the erection to him of a memorial at San Remo. This work was executed by Signor Canonica of the Royal Academy of Italy. Montenegro is, of course, to-day incorporated in Jugoslavia and is ruled over by King Alexander, the royal Dictator

MID-LENT CELEBRATED AFTER EASTER! The great Mi-Carême festival and its attendant procession was celebrated, not on March 12, when it was scheduled to take place, but in the week-end after Easter, when it was held in glorious weather. The tableaux and floats were even more elaborate than usual and a huge crowd, composed of both visitors and native Parisians, thronged the route of the procession. A general view of the great semi-religious gala is seen above approaching the Champs Élysées

CAN DEMOS RULE?

Demos May Prove Well Able to Legislate with Skill and Prudence and Yet, Lacking a Civil Service Subservient Only to the Crown, Fail Lamentably in the Art of Governing. An Excerpt from **"Democracy on Trial"** *(The Bodley Head)* Dealing with the Vital Quality of the Administrative Machinery and its Necessary Maintenance in "New" Countries

By LORD EUSTACE PERCY

An apology is required for even a passing reference to India in connection with colonial government. India is an Empire in herself, not belonging wholly either to the Empire of the Imperial Conference or to the Empire of colonial rule. With her problems this essay does not pretend to deal. But precisely because she is in this anomalous position, she supplies the *locus classicus* for many of the difficulties of the transition stage of development into self-government. This is especially true of the final commentary we have to make on the maxim that our business is to rule. In India British statesmen have consciously faced the question which elsewhere they have tended to suppress; the question, what is to happen to the civil service in a given territory when it attains self-government? They have experimented with partial answers to this question in India, notably with what is known as "dyarchy," but their experiments have been prejudiced from the outset, because the withholding from an Indian legislature of control over the civil service has been regarded by Indians as a special exception to the general rule of self-government, and therefore as a special sign of distrust. The question we have to consider is, whether full control over the civil service is, in principle, a necessary implication of self-government?

Surely, if we rightly interpret the constitutional development of Great Britain herself, there can only be one answer. In Great Britain administration has always been a function of the Crown, not of Parliament. The distinction which Englishmen have drawn between executive and legislature is far sharper in practice than the theoretical "separation of powers" on which the American Constitution is supposed to be based. The crucial test of this lies in the curious fact (call it a coincidence if you will) that patronage was tolerated as a method of staffing the administrative services of the country so long as it could be said in any sense to be exercised by the Crown; but as soon as the Crown receded into the background, leaving the exercise of patronage in the hands of Ministers who were Members of Parliament, the whole patronage system was immediately felt to be intolerable. To-day, no Member of Parliament, not even if he be a Minister, has any administrative patronage. The Civil Service Commission is not a mere examining body; it is, as Mr. Lloyd George fortunately found after the War, the powerful guardian of the principle of the immunity of the executive from the interference of elected legislators. It would have been well if, from the outset of the local government reforms of the nineteenth century, we had imposed this principle upon municipalities and county councils; we may yet need to do so. Surely, in any case, we should seek to apply it so far as possible to the territories overseas, the whole burden of whose claim to self-government is that they are the rightful heirs of British ideas of government. It is a strange perversion of those ideas that legislative independence should carry with it, in practice, patronage by legislators over the administrative services.

This is the great defect of the whole method by which the British Commonwealth of Nations has been evolved. In self-governing territories, self-government has been regarded as terminating the connection between the administrative services and the Crown. The moment the transfer has been made, the administrator has no longer felt himself to be the servant of the Crown, nor has he been able to feel that he was the servant of the Crown's representative at Government House. He has become the servant of Parliamentary Ministers, and it has only been by slow degrees that Civil Service Commissions have, in recent years, succeeded in raising a civil service out of the welter of Parliamentary patronage. We can indeed hardly imagine how these evils could have been avoided in the case of the great Dominions, but the difficulty of imagining it may be partly due to the fact that, when the first precedent was set for the creation of a Dominion by the North America Act, Great Britain herself had no proper civil service and could not therefore provide for the creation or maintenance of one in Canada. Now that, within these islands, we have in some degree solved the problem of reconciling democracy with executive independence, it is clearly our duty to apply that solution to the Empire as a whole, in so far as it is in the transition stage from dependence to self-government.

In practice this means that we should take the earliest opportunity offered to us—for instance, the union between Northern and Southern Rhodesia, or the grant of self-government in East Africa—to lay down the principle that under responsible government the administrative services remain the servants of the Crown, and therefore the servants of the Crown's personal representative, the Governor. The Governor must, however, exercise his control over these services only through his responsible Ministers, and since responsible Ministers who are members of a legislature, though they are the proper persons to issue instructions to the administrative services, cannot safely be entrusted with the task of creating such services by patronage, the recruitment of such services must be placed in the hands of an independent body. Since, moreover, a colony which has always been administered largely by civil servants drawn from other parts of the Empire ought not to be called on suddenly to staff its administrative services from among its own population, this independent body should continue to be the Civil Service Commission in London sitting, for this purpose, together with representatives nominated by the local government and advised by a local commission appointed by that government in the colony concerned.

These recommendations may seem petty. The difficulty of democratic government is that all purely administrative problems seem petty to legislators and to electors. Yet the secret of the British genius for government, the secret of its capacity for reconciling the love of liberty and the love of law, lies as much in its sense of the supreme difficulty and the supreme importance of right administrative judgment as in its recognition of the individual citizen's claim to vote his own taxes and make his own laws. For the last century, in dealing with our Empire, we have slipped further and further down the easy incline of thinking that administration does not matter, that if any given electorate is fit to make its own laws it must be fit to administer them. In unity, in capacity for self-mobilization, our Empire is consequently already inferior to the French colonial empire; if we do not admit and correct our mistake, it may soon be inferior to it even by the simple test of good government and sound native policy.

ANGLO-GREEK UNITY: The Archbishop of Canterbury with Mgr. Chrysostomos, Archbishop of Athens

A PILGRIM *to* PALESTINE

The Primate's Visit to Jerusalem

For the first time in history an Archbishop of Canterbury has visited Jerusalem. The Primate of All England has met the Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem in the Holy City within the shadow of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is an important occasion in Church history, symbolising the harmony and good feeling now existing between the Anglican and Greek Orthodox Churches.

It will be recalled that recently, on the invitation of Dr. Lang, a delegation from the Eastern Orthodox Church came to England and discussed questions of unity and relationship between the two Churches. For many years Dr. Lang has shown marked sympathy to the Eastern Orthodox Churches; the importance of the occasion was fully recognized, and the delegation, headed by the Patriarch of Alexandria, Meletios II, was the greatest ever sent by the Eastern Church to the councils of another church. This signal step in the long-growing *rapprochement* between the two Churches resulted in a strengthening of the bonds of the relationship and a clearer understanding of the problems of East and West. The promotion of reunion between the Eastern Orthodox and the Anglican communions lost something of its remote impossibility, appearing as a more tangible ideal, and the culminating result was the historic document which Meletios II sent to the Archbishop last January. Following the discussions in London, the Holy Synod of the Metropolitans of the Apostolic and Patriarchal Throne of Alexandria solemnly recognized the validity of Anglican orders, held to be invalid by the Roman Catholic Church.

This remarkable step toward reunion is almost entirely due to the Lambeth Conference, and the declarations made there have satisfied the Holy Synod in regard to the teaching of the Anglican Church in the matter of Apostolic Succession, on the sacrificial aspect of the Holy Communion, and also on the sacramental character of ordination. The decision of the Holy Synod is likely to have important results in the cause of reunion and creates a profoundly interesting problem concerning the catholicity of the Anglican Church. In their attitude towards this matter the Roman and the Eastern Orthodox Churches are now diametrically opposed.

The Hierarchy of the Greek Orthodox Church in Jerusalem would have liked the Archbishop to arrive there in time for the Easter celebrations of their Church which take place later than the Anglican festival. Because of the *rapprochement* between the two Churches, the historic occasion would have been marked in a fitting manner, and it is believed that had Dr. Lang arrived on the Sunday of the Greek Easter, the aged Mgr. Damianos, Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem, would have invited him to celebrate a "fifth Mass" on the altar at the entrance to the Holy Sepulchre. The privilege of celebrating at this altar is jealously exercised by the clergy of four rites only—Greek, Armenian, Coptic, and Latin.

The Greek community of the Confraternity of the Holy Sepulchre, however, are the custodians of the Tomb and the Church is now the cathedral of the Patriarchate, and it is quite within their power to extend an invitation to celebrate there to the Archbishop of Canterbury. For centuries the Greek Mass in the early hours of Easter morning has been followed by Masses after the rites of the Coptic, Armenian, and Latin Churches, and it was considered in Jerusalem that the Greeks would be justified in exercising their privileges as custodians of the Sepulchre, and adding a fifth Mass in honour of the first visit to the Holy City of an Archbishop of Canterbury.

Dr. Lang is visiting Jerusalem as a purely private pilgrim, thus offering neither Alexandria nor Rome any remote cause for concern.

L. V. D.

Drawn by F. MATANIA, R.I.

HITTING THE AUSTRALIAN TRAIL

Australia has always been associated with things equine. Every schoolboy is firmly of the opinion that the Sunny Continent is peopled on the male side, apart from cricketers, by tall, lean, steel-muscled he-men, with broad-brimmed hats, red shirts, knotted neckerchiefs, and beards that vie in luxuriance with the native bush, who spend their days in the saddle chasing sheep, cattle, kangaroo, and bushrangers. Be that as it may, and despite the growing popularity of the motor—one in eleven Australians owns a car, and there are 70,000 commercial trucks which do occasional picnic duty besides—the horse still holds his own in sport, utility, and holiday adventure. Of recent years the trail-riding holiday has become increasingly popular, and organized, as well as impromptu, expeditions of a week or a fortnight or more into bush and mountain spaces have become a regular thing. The Government Tourist Bureaux have led the way by arranging such expeditions, particularly at Christmas and Easter times, for parties of twenty or thirty men, and equipping them with mounts, camp necessaries, pack horses, and cooks and guides. They ride, they fish; sometimes they shoot; and always they yarn round the camp fire o' nights and listen to the guides' tales of the pioneering days in the country they are "exploring"

"Power" *Drawn by Hely Smith*

FIRE AT SEA

The Gravest of Marine Dangers

By CAPTAIN FRANK H. SHAW

A few weeks ago newspapers over the country printed the story of the Swedish motor-ship *Lagaholm* and her fight for life against that greatest hazard and terror Father Neptune can offer—fire at sea! The *Lagaholm* was on her maiden voyage—bound from Göteborg, Sweden, to Boston. Ten days out from Göteborg, while the ship was battling the fury of a north Atlantic gale, fire was discovered in her hold.

Captain S. J. Svenson and his crew of forty men forgot the blinding storm. Every thought was turned on the fire raging below decks. For under their feet, and forming a large part of the cargo were hundreds of cases of Swedish matches. Any minute the flames, already perilously close, might ignite those matches and turn the ship into a torch of kindling.

For eighteen solid hours, without a respite, they poured water down the hatches and turned pumps into the hold—every second fraught with the peril that the fire would eat its way to the matches and the one-sided battle would be ended in a brief flash of fireworks.

At the first trace of smoke Captain Svenson had brought his vessel about and had run before the gale. Better have the prow sinking deep and the following sea lapping over the taffrail than to risk the danger of running against that gale in a burning ship.

Victory finally crowned their fight. The flames were extinguished. The ship was put back on her course. The crew rested from the struggle. And eleven days later the *Lagaholm* limped to her dock at Boston, and told the story of her thrilling victory over disaster.

Reading lines of print like those is a memory quickener. I once fought for a windjammer's life against the fire devil—and we had matches in our cargo, too—matches and high explosives.

Fire! Bad enough ashore within easy 'phone call of well-equipped fire brigades and professional fire-fighters, who have latest ingenuity at their command. Fire! At sea, in a forlorn and helpless windjammer, so much a victim of circumstances that she cannot even be trimmed in such a way as to minimize the wind's effect on the stealthy flames!

When we left London on a voyage to Sydney in 1897 we dropped anchor off Gravesend and hoisted a red flag aloft before certain squat and heavily-laden barges came alongside. Fires were extinguished in galley and cabin; smoking was forbidden on pain of being strung up by the thumbs in the rigging. Into a roughly constructed magazine erected in the square of the main hatch, casual labourers winched and stowed 400 tons of big-gun ammunition for the Australian Fleet, sealed down the hatches, and bade us god-speed. We were required to deliver that mass of high explosives intact; and we proposed to do it, as that was our trade. The rest of our cargo was varied—a shipload of notions. The manifest mentioned safety-matches, bales of cotton, and other details as inflammable as tinder. The honest *Ravenby* had become a potential volcano.

We didn't worry—except when, in the ensuing Channel fog, a lumbering freighter pointed its bow fairly at our magazine and came snorting on. If he'd touched us we would have soared sky-high without a chance of appeal; but we whisked the ship out of danger by the thickness of her paint, and hummed on our lawful way—with our hair only faintly creeping on our chilled scalps.

Rigorous laws were imposed—no smoking on deck under any circumstances, all fires to be extinguished before sunset; no naked lights to be carried below decks. For a week the thought of that explosive freight weighed heavily on us; an intangible shadow of fear seemed to lurk in the noisy caverns of the humming sails; the creeping whisper of broken water along the scupper ways was like a whisper of caution; then, sailor-like, we forgot. Scant time is permitted in a hard-working windjammer for sentiment or apprehension; there's usually enough visible danger to occupy one's time and thoughts.

North and west of Kerguelen, in the heart of the most desolate stretch of furious sea in the world, we were sent down into the lower forepeak to scale the deck-beams and watertight bulkhead—a bad weather job, a work-up job, since the decks were awash with bitter seas that precluded all possibility of worth-while labour above. Under her topsails and foresail, rolling her lofty trucks through magnificent arches, with a lone albatross brooding about like the concrete spirit of storm itself, the *Ravenby* was running her Easting down in accustomed fashion. And Hurley, the first man down below, as he was invariably first to any task, said:

"This blamed bulkhead's hotter'n hell's hobs!" There have been dramatic moments a many in a chequered life; I doubt if any much more dramatic remain in memory. Heat means fire—and we all, severally putting our hands to the steel, remembered that 400 tons of cordite.

"Up you go, sundown, an' tell the afterguard!" said Hurley. I grew sickly aware of the nauseating scent of heated paint and iron. The forepeak had been battened down for a week or more; and a smurr of spindrift and sea-mist had, as usual, blown wildly over our upper deck. As is customary in deep-water vessels running down the Easting, all ventilators had been unshipped and the butt-ends plugged and rendered watertight by canvas hoods lashed in place. The lash of angry water on deck had never abated sufficiently for any of us to notice a quicker-than-usual drying of the planking; and yet I swear that when I skipped on deck—with the eagerness of a matador jumping the barrier of a Seville bull-ring—and laid a hand to the deck, it almost scorched me through the cool of the pouring brine. I tried to make the announcement calmly, although proud of being the announcer, as a boy naturally would be.

"It looks as if something had got hot down below, sir," I told the mate, who had the watch. I believe he almost swallowed his tobacco-chew; but what he said was:

"You look out for her here until I come back." And as he left the poop to me sheer pride cast out fear. It is something to be left in control—however momentarily—of a reefed ship thundering down the noisy Easting trail, with the curdled white of parted water spreading in a roaring fan astern to the spray-dimmed horizon. Rhys, at the wheel, beckoned eagerly, "What is it?" he husked. I affected to be chiefly concerned with his steering; but said with what I hoped was indifference:

"Nothing; she's heated herself up a bit for'ard." There wasn't time for any more, because the mate came floundering aft, dodging the pouring seas, clinging to hatch-corner and stanchion as the big stuff boiled over his rounded shoulders. "Watch her!" he said huskily, and dived below.

"He's scared!" diagnosed Rhys, who knew men inside out by reason of his wide experience. Captain Greegan followed the mate on deck; they went forward together—the skipper in pyjamas, their trousers thrust into thigh boots.

"I was once in a ship that took fire—emigrant ship, lashin's o' wimmen aboard," confided Rhys, "In fine weather, though—them boats ain't worth a cat's curse." Trust an old shellback to pile on the agony! That Easting sea looked wider and lonelier than ever before. Lord knew

(Continued on a later page)

RIVERSIDE LIFE

New Pictures from Thames Side

A. G. Linney

"The Coastwise Lights of England": *Broadness Light, set on its girder standard, off the Kent coast opposite Grays. It stands at the tip of a great triangle of saltings (salt marshes)*

Sail and Steam in the Estuary: *A picture of contrast in marine transport taken from the pilot boat which had just left the liner in the central foreground*

Eventide: *A striking study of the Estuary off Southend with the slanting gaff and mast of the barge in the foreground silhouetted sharply gallows wise against the bulk of the distant ship. In the foreground are the famous mud flats*

The latest issue of the *P.L.A. Monthly* (the magazine of the Port of London Authority) has a number of interesting items of news contained in it, among them being the following figures and facts. The total net registered tonnage of vessels that arrived at and departed from the whole of the Port of London with cargoes and in ballast from and to foreign countries and British possessions and coastwise was as under:—

Year ended December 31, 1927, 52,576,755 N.R.T.
Year ended December 31, 1928, 55,423,681 N.R.T.
Year ended December 31, 1929, 57,678,355 N.R.T.
Year ended December 31, 1930, 58,085,598 N.R.T.

The tonnage for 1930 repre-

(Continued below)

sents an increase of 5,508,843, or 10.5 per cent. over that of 1927. It is interesting to note that during the week ended August 15 last, 1,478 vessels of a total net registered tonnage of 1,124,404 used the port, this constituting a record for any one week. Since the Tilbury passenger landing stage was opened by the Prime Minister last May 224 vessels, representing more than 1,200,000 net register tons, have embarked or landed 32,250 passengers. It is doubtful whether the Port of London Authority ships' station list has ever included in its columns half a ship before such an entry crept in at the end of February. The vessel in question is the s.s. *Nurtureton*. The for'ard half of her was towed up to Tilbury Docks and the after part was left beached on Mucking Flats. She had met with trouble in the Channel some time and, on "the curate's egg" principle, the best was made of a bad job.

The PRINCESS of PLESS SPEAKS OUT

In the Second Section of her Diary—and Other Literary Matters of the Week

Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

When Daisy, Princess of Pless, published a book all about herself and her extraordinary life, it made a great stir. This was due to what was considered to be her indiscretions and to the wittiness and honesty of the book. A member of a brilliant family, daughter of a famous Society beauty, herself at one time having the reputation of being one of the most beautiful women in Europe, she married the Prince of Pless and at one stride was carried into the very heart of German Royalty and Society. The Great War found her a German, with three sons, placed in the terrible predicament of divided loyalties—the friend of the Kaiser and the Crown Prince on one hand, and of King Edward and Queen Alexandra on the other.

In her first book she did not spare criticism of the Prussian caste, of the arrogance of the military party, and of the narrowness of Berlin Society. In this book, with characteristic courage, she appears to have taken up the defence of some of the most maligned characters in recent history. It is this section, the most interesting in the book, which for the most part consists of excerpts from a diary kept from 1896 to 1914, that will arouse interest. The diary itself, written by an impulsive woman, is the work of a spirit in prison. Never was there a more pitiless, if unconscious, exposure of the emptiness, extravagance, restlessness, and sheer futility in the lives of those who believed that belonging to Society was something that really mattered. Here, for twenty years, is a record of eating, hunting, shooting, gossiping, house-visiting, of storms in teacups, of anxious hours passed in the quest of royal favours.

Occasionally these puppets of wealth and position have stirrings of the conscience. Hundreds of poor men and women are herded together at Christmas, given a handshake, a smile, a trumpery present, and then the mad round of visiting begins again, fresh plans are devised for spending more money on houses of ludicrous size, on gardens of fantastic dimensions.

This diary will not enjoy the success that greeted the Princess's previous book. That could not be expected. These minor chronicles of children's ailments, of a husband's coldness, of the endless dinner parties, of the nerve-racking pace set in the whirl of fashion can only leave one with wonder at the senselessness of humanity. Here, indeed, is a wasted life, a life full of talent, rich with kindness of heart, lit at moments with singular sweetness and courage.

The final chapter of the Princess's book does the greatest credit to her gifts as a fearless friend, but in this country, at any rate, she will be pleading with an unresponsive audience. No length of time is likely to alter the verdict that has been registered against the Kaiser. If he did not encourage, he acquiesced in the deliberate plans of the military caste of Germany to plunge the world into war. The Princess does well to counsel us to forgive, but she cannot expect us to forget. The book closes with a threat of silence which I hope will not be fulfilled. "For the past few years I have been a private person of whom there is nothing interesting to tell." That is the one untrue statement in the book. The Princess was born to command interest. To the day of her death remarkable things will happen to her. She creates the vortex by her own vivid personality.

The rise of the fame of Mary Webb is one of those incidents that must sadden any student of letters. The speech of a Prime Minister draws attention to an unknown authoress. Immediately the critics tumble over themselves to hail a supreme genius. One wonders how many other supreme geniuses are awaiting the recognition of a politician's reference at some country bazaar or association gathering? I am not rendered breathless with adoration before Mary Webb's masterpiece, *Precious Bane*, but it is a book that makes me curious about the writer of it. In *Mary Webb*, by Hilda Addison (Palmer. 5s.), the facts of the life of Gladys Mary Meredith are simply set forth, and a strange and rather beautiful character emerges. She was born in 1881, the daughter of a schoolmaster. Her childhood was spent in a country house about a mile from Much Wenlock. She married at the age of thirty-one and had not then become a serious writer. The legend that she was a poor overworked household drudge must die. She ran a market garden because she loved gardening and anything that brought her into contact with the people. Her charity, her passion to alleviate the tribulations of mankind, her persistence, despite disillusionment, in believing good of her fellows, give her story a saint-like aura.

"She lived two lives. One was a brave fight against ill-health, nervous depression, and over-sensitiveness, marked by the most willing sacrifice of herself, her money and time, to others. The other was the life of an artist, a seer, in short—a spiritual genius. She belongs to that small company of genuine mystics whose apprehension of eternal values makes them here and now inhabitants of another realm beyond this present ordering of Space and Time."

Odd she certainly was, but how much happier this earth would be with more odd people of her nature! There is the waywardness, the single-purposedness of genius here. The tragedy is that she died at forty-six with her best work unwritten. Miss Addison's book is simply written, with a sympathetic interpretation of Mary Webb and her work. It satisfies much of the curiosity one feels about this extraordinary little woman.

Lord Dunsany is the master of the fantastic. In *The Travel Tales of Mr. Joseph Jorkens* (Putnam. 7s. 6d.) we are given thirteen stories as told by a most convincing liar, who remains lovable while incredible, as is so often the case with good liars. Lord Dunsany builds his tales around a singular point. Thus the fact that animals never warm their hands at the fire gives him the basis of the astonishing story of the African *Abu Laheeb*. "I wouldn't mind shooting a horse if it had to be killed, though lots of men can't bear that; but those black hands stretched out over the fire were the one thing I couldn't destroy," said the hunter, Mr. Jorkens. There is a story of a man who reached Mars, and discovered that human beings there were kept in a kind of chicken-run, to which a superior race came, plucked them and screwed their necks, with the consent of these human-fowls, who thought it their natural destiny. Lord Dunsany likes to show us as the playthings of ironical fate, as in the instance of the man who carried a charm against thirst, and was drowned by the roaring torrent that suddenly swept down a river-bed where he was digging for water. Delightful stories all of these, with an originality that can only be found in the Dunsany technique.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc stands foremost among the essayists of the age, and I was not disappointed in turning to a new collection of thirty-nine essays under the title of *A Conversation with the Cat* (Cassell. 7s. 6d.). The opening sentence could have been written only by one man. "The other day I went into the bar of a railway station and, taking a glass of beer, I sat down at a little table by myself to meditate upon the necessary but tragic isolation of the human soul." I am afraid Mr. Belloc no longer believes in the grand crusade. He has satisfied what once seemed to be an insatiable curiosity, though we still find him tramping to find the course of the Seine. He is no longer the Hilaire Belloc of infinite faith, whether in the goodness of beer, the excellence of the English landscape or, as in those war years, the immediate collapse, week by week, of the German armies—a false prophecy so comforting through the dark days. In these essays he is inclined to prick the bubble and is suspicious of excitement. But in this temperate mood what a delightful companion he is, and when he gives advice, with a touch of cynicism, how sensible it is! "Let us begin," he says to the young man, "with the most important thing in life, which is money," and at the end of a chapter that bows the knee to the gods of the day he assures the young man that he will "have escaped the agonies, also, of course, the triumphs and visions and all the rest of them." A somewhat sad Mr. Belloc this, but I suspect the tongue in the cheek and, with the pen in his hand, still the original Belloc who has made us tarry these forty years.

I am glad to see a collected edition of the ghost stories of Dr. M. R. James. Here are some thirty nightmares, *Collected Ghost Stories* (Arnold. 8s. 6d.), not one of which should be read three hours before going to bed. They have a formidable actuality, a reasonableness that converts fiction into the semblance of fact. I do not wonder that the Provost of Eton has had to assure his readers that they are not based on personal experience. I wonder what was the effect of *The Wailing Well* on that troup of Eton Boy Scouts whose camp fire it enthralled one August? Writing is the art of suspense. Here is breathless suspense by an artist in words.

New York, by Paul Morand (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), is the English edition of a book very popular in France last year, but I cannot find anything very new or singular about this description of a visit to the United States. It covers all the usual places and sights, and contrives to convey the frightful jumble that is apparent to superficial observers of life on the American continent. Bright reporting of this nature makes bright reading, and the American scene is prodigal with fireworks with which the writer can enliven his picture. But M. Morand often falls into error of statement as well as of estimate. It is nonsense to say "The wind blows at ninety miles an hour, swaying the skyscrapers." The legend that the Woolworth building swayed in a storm was so firmly established that scientific tests were made and it was found that in a high storm the vibration was less than twelve millimetres.

I strongly recommend *The Shiny Night*, by Beatrice Tunstall (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), to those who like a good story with splendid character drawing and a true gift of narrative. But the reader must be warned that here is a tale that has been told a thousand times, that will make the sophisticated snort, that has moments perilously near to Silas Hocking. And yet how very good it is! Miss Tunstall tells us of one, Seth Shone, who is transported for poaching. Years later he returns to his native village, builds a house on common land, and with a belief in spells sets up the images on his house of those who have wronged him. Gradually, with a grim force, he acquires position and money. He is an excellent farmer, a good husband. There follows a love episode that is one of the most beautiful things I have ever encountered in fiction. One by one the victims of the spell fall to the vengeance of Seth Shone. It is the time of the Corn Laws, of the village life that has forever gone, of the squire at the hall, the parson in his three-decker, of the maypole, the harvest home, the fair, the village fiddler. This picture of England could be set beside Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, and would lose nothing in comparison. It is a little grimmer at moments, with a power that recalls the epic *Growth of the Soil*. It is a pity that Miss Tunstall has just missed writing a masterpiece by two quite unnecessary incidents. The seduction of the farmer's daughter by the squire's son follows the ancient plan to give it reality, and the murder in the woods is quite senseless melodrama. The book did not require these lurid incidents, in which Miss Tunstall heavily fails; her canvas is rich and crowded enough. She brings to her work a very great knowledge of the English countryside from the accession of Queen Victoria to her Diamond Jubilee. Here is a complete portrait of the age such as I cannot recall elsewhere. And always she has a command of pathos, invention, humour, and folk-lore, as well as an easy control of dialogue that makes one wonder how this new novelist has sprung so fully equipped to her task. It is a long book, crowded with characters, and carefully planned. It is a novel that must be read by all who have a care for English fiction and English life.

I cannot help feeling that Mr. W. B. Maxwell has made, rather than written, a book in *The Concave Mirror* (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.). It is a simple story of a middle-aged man who, inheriting wealth, finds his wife's affections are alienated in the smart society which she enters, and that gradually he turns to the sympathy of his child's governess. The death of the wife leaves the way open for his final happiness. Trite in theme, the method of presenting the story, that of the diary form, renders it unreal. Mr. Maxwell uses his novel for the real purpose in his heart, namely, to keep a diary in which he can comment on life and literature in general. These comments are so delightful, kind, and shrewd that I wish he had not attempted to fictionize and present such a poor story in such good wrapping.

Recommended List:

The 500 Best English Letters, *by the Earl of Birkenhead* **(Cassell. 8s. 6d. net).**—A collection of letters ranging from Alfred the Great to Rupert Brooke, chosen for their interesting quality and matter. A readable thousand pages.

Everyman's Encyclopædia (Dent. 5s. 6d. per volume).—The first two volumes of an Everyman Encyclopædia to be complete in twelve volumes. A remarkable achievement in quality and cheapness.

Claude Monet, *by Zenia Lathom* **(Allen. 15s. net).**—An excellently illustrated monograph by Lady Lathom on the French painter.

The Shadow of Monte Carlo (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net).—A collection of short stories with the Casino and Monte Carlo for their settings.

The Good Earth, *by Pearl S. Buch* **(Methuen. 7s. 6d. net).**—An excellent story of a Chinese family in which the Oriental character is not caricatured. It has poignancy and fine drama.

My South Sea Island, *by Eric Muspratt* **(Hopkinson, Ltd. 7s. 6d. net).**—Here is the dream achieved. A young man's successful evasion of the shackles of civilization. Sunshine, leisure, love, and an indifference to time and money.

The HEADWATERS of the GANGES

India's Holiest River to be Traced to its Himalayan Source

C. F. Meade

The UPPER GANGES

Seen from the bridge below

PANDUKESWAR

The first British Himalayan Expedition to attempt the ascent of the second highest peak in the British Empire is now *en route* to India. The peak in question is Kamet (25,447 ft.) and is the giant of the Zaskar Range which forms the northern bifurcation of the main Himalaya chain. As, from India, it is obscured by the main chain, it was uncharted until 1859. Not until 1907 was any attempt made upon Kamet itself, although the neighbouring mountain, the Eastern Abi Gamin, was almost conquered in 1855. Several expeditions — nine in all —

(*Continued on following page*)

KAMET:

To Ascend which an Expe

HANGING ICE: One of the greatest … of that of many Himalayan monsters, … like Everest, "makes its own weather …

THE BORDERS OF TIBET: A mountain scene in the Himalayas. The tiny villages of this towering district are all of one type—squalid settlements like that seen in the left foreground of this picture. It is from these villages that some of the coolies are recruited, acclimatized as they are to the conditions, although untrained in mountain climbing technique

TRANSPORT OF THE HIMALAYAS: Yaks crossing the Ganges torrent in the main village above Ghatole

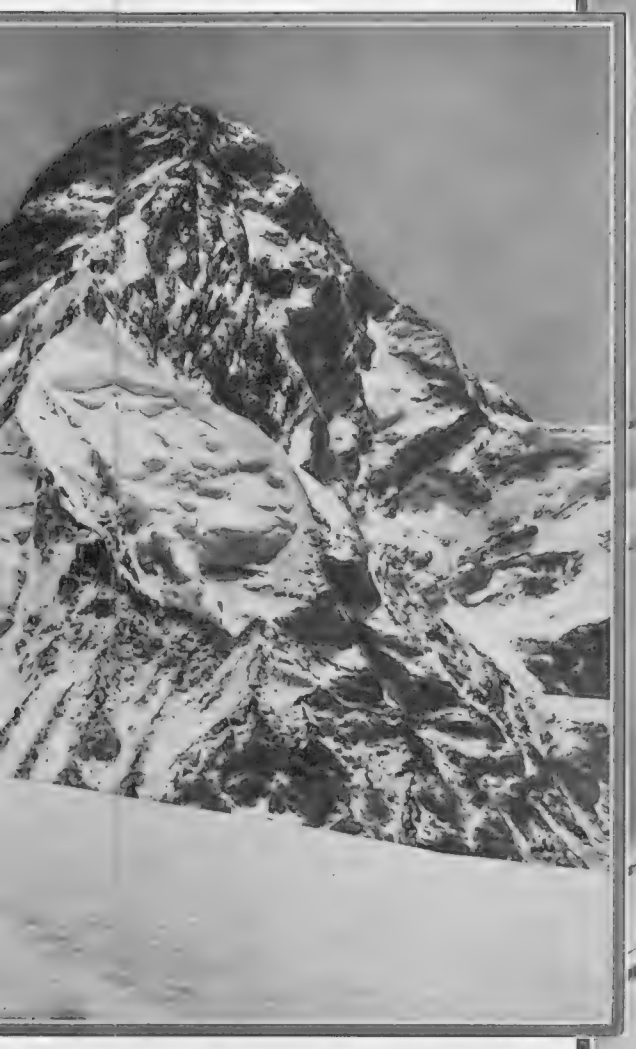
THE GREAT MASSIF: One of t…

(Continued from preceding page)

have attempted the ascent of Kamet from various points. The easiest—in fact the only—method of approach is from the east. The route lies up a winding and trench-like glacier which gives indications of being liable to avalanches of ice falling from the hanging glaciers on one of the sub-peaks. Kamet itself has been defined as "a savage and isolated mass of rock and ice resembling a broad, buttressed Matterhorn." In addition to its almost pyramidal formation, one feature of its structure consists of a series of gigantic steps tilted from the exterior left-hand slope downwards to the centre. Mr. C. F. Meade, who was baulked of the conquest only by mountain-sickness and soft snow in 1912, got up 23,000 feet by this route and regarded the final 2,500 feet as comparatively (but only comparatively) easy. The need for gradual acclimatization to such exalted altitudes was not fully realized in 1912. At 23,000 feet the *col*, or gap, between Kamet itself and the Eastern Abi Gamin is reached. There is not only soft and fatiguing snow and lack of oxygen defending the mountain's summit from man's questing and

ET: The Second Highest Peak in the Empire

h an Expedition is en route *to India*



f the greatest dangers in the ascent of Mt. Kamet (as ayan monsters) is the peril of ice-avalanches. Kamet, s own weather."—of blinding and remorseless westerly gales

F: One of the sheer and desolate facets of Kamet

COOLIES CROSSING THE SNOW
which, with ice, wind, cold, and mountain-sickness guards the summit of Kamet

THE SUMMIT: Kamet (25,447 ft.) is one of the giants of the Himalayas and has had nine attempts made upon it before the present one. It is the second highest peak within the British Empire

snow in and re- vely (but r gradual s was not the *col*, Eastern only soft defending sting and impious hand, but the wind from the high and desolate Tibetan plateaux is staggering in its force and terrible in its intensity. A 1920 expedition discovered unsuspected talent for climbing among the Bhotias from the nearest village to Kamet. In addition to assailing Kamet, the expedition is also reconnoitring, from the physiological, topographical and botanical points of view, the glacier region whence flows the Ganges—holiest river of India—above Badrinath, whither thousands of Hindu pilgrims, despite cholera, typhoid, and dysentery, trek annually. The waters of this sacred stream are regarded as the panacea for the ills of the millions of Hindus who bathe in them and the grave for the ashes of their dead. The words of the ancient text are actually fulfilled, for the Alaknanda River, one of the two main tributaries of the Ganges, falls, near the Bhagat Kharak and Satopanth Glaciers, like "the slender thread of a lotus flower." The personnel of the expedition consists of five young men — all under thirty-three years of age: Captain E. St. J. Birnie, Dr. R. Greene, Mr. R. L. Holdsworth, Mr. G. E. Shipton, and Mr. F. S. Smythe, the organizer and leader.

THE RIVER FRONT: The I.C.I. and the Thames House blocks have given a totally different aspect to Millbank section of the Embankment

CHANGING

The Remarkable Alterations

By NORMAN

London is an unlucky city. It was planned in the days which long preceded the industrial revolution. It grew to an immense size at a time when men thought railways the *ultima thule* of human invention. It finds itself almost archaic in an age of motor-cars.

A considerable amount of the greatness of England is due to its love of tradition. Tradition of regiments, universities, and schools has served in good stead in the centuries which are gone. In the same way we have ever kept a warm corner in our hearts for old associations and antique buildings. Only with the greatest reluctance were the old gate-houses of London torn down, and they survived until they had become a costly anachronism. Sometimes our love of tradition and the past has given us the idea that everything which is old and historic is worth preserving. London has suffered from that obsession, and we are now paying the price for our obstinate adherence to the ideas of our fathers with a traffic congestion that is stifling the life of the capital.

Other cities of the world have been more fortunate. Until comparatively recent years New York, the great microcosm of American life, was a small town of no great significance. When it began to spread, wise town planners took a hand and laid out a draught-board city which, although it has not solved the modern traffic problems of New York, has made certain steps towards it. Paris, as ancient a city as London, had the benefit of a revolution and the genius of Baron Haussmann with which to widen its streets in readiness for the volume of traffic which was to come. Vienna and Berlin were Imperial cities. They were planned by great kings whose idea of proper royalty extended to spacious thoroughfares and avenues, parks and parade grounds. These two capitals were given wide streets because armies looked so much better marching down broad boulevards than cramped up in the tortuous medieval streets of which many German cities are so full. Rome is a maze of passages and alleys with a few high-sounding but inconvenient streets. But Rome is more fortunate than London, for there is no traffic in Rome. It is always a source of wonder to travellers how a city of nearly a million people can exist with so few motor-cars and so many antiquated horse carriages.

The English have a genius for getting out of difficulties. In the course of our interesting career as a nation we have often been on the verge of bankruptcy, but somehow we have always managed to survive. Our muddle-headed genius in the same way will solve the problem of modernizing London. That is certain. How it will be done—almost inevitably by a process of elaborate patchwork—remains to be seen.

The London of the future will be a compromise between the ideas of two generations. It has always been so, and there is no reason why it should change. Opinion will always be equally divided between conservatism and progress. The Londoners are both radical and slow moving. When it becomes imperative to effect a change, then the change is effected with a will. You have only to drive along the Victoria Embankment to realize what London can do when it is put to it. The embankment is a colossal feat of engineering and an amazing achievement of town planning. If it existed in any other city of the world it would be looked upon as one of the sights a visitor must certainly not miss. But because it happens to be in London it is taken for granted by the most modest citizens in the world. When it was built there were hundreds of croakers who said it was extravagant and unnecessary. The voice of vested interest was loud in its protest against the violation of the rights of private property adjoining the river. But the work was done. The Thames was enclosed and made safe both for barges and pedestrians, and to-day the idea of London without its embankment would be inconceivable.

There is another fragment of modern town-planning which sometimes passes unnoticed. The magnificent sweep of the Aldwych and the attendant Kingsway did away with the nauseous, mean streets that clustered in those parts until quite recently. It opened up a whole section of congested area and provided a vital link between north and south London. Now it is so familiar a part of the London scene that some people think it has been there always, like Cornhill or Threadneedle Street.

At this present moment, London's most vital question is transport and accessibility. Never at any time in the history of the world was commerce so dependent on transport, and while London remains a great manufacturing city—it is also the largest port in Europe—the question of transport must remain a vital consideration. It is obvious that the present system of controlling traffic is bound to go by the board. It is certain that the congestion will shortly become so great that slow-moving authorities will move with lightning speed exactly as they did in regard to the Embankment when they actually set to work. Whole areas which to-day have a mild Bohemian association or perhaps associations not quite so reputable, like the hinterland of Tottenham Court Road, will be swept away to make room for giant thoroughfares to carry the ever-increasing volume of traffic.

We shall one day wake up to find the whole character of the City and West End changed. Already business is tending to desert the confines of offices in the region around the Royal Exchange. Certain industries have moved their head offices to more spacious quarters farther west. Outwardly the City is rapidly becoming confined to banks' and stockbrokers' offices. The phrase "something in the City" is ceasing to have meaning. As business offices leave the historic "square mile," so the traffic and transport problems of the City proper will be in fair way of solution. The congestion will move farther away to the north and west to places where there is an area capable of dealing with it. Fortunately there already exist, in Knightsbridge and Bayswater Road and the avenues of the Park, thoroughfares quite capable of taking large volumes of modern traffic. It is in that intermediary district, loosely known as the West End, we shall see the most changes both in the layout of the streets and the appearance of buildings.

REPLACING A FAMOUS LIBRARY: The Yardley-Corot building in Old Bond Street occupying the site of the ancient building which housed Ashton and Mitchell's Library

The great revolution which was heralded and indeed caused by the invention of the internal combustion engine has made new buildings as well as new roads essential for the proper progress of society. The motor-car concentrated business by increasing the speed of transport. New York replied to the changed conditions by erecting skyscrapers. In London we are gradually relaxing the regulations governing the heights to which you may build, and the result is that we now have office and apartment buildings with 100 ft. separating the cornice and the roadway. It is more than likely that, in time, we shall go even higher and that the general level of two and three storeys which was common in Mayfair before the War will be dwarfed out of existence. There is no doubt that the lead given by Park Lane with Dorchester House and Grosvenor House will be largely followed over the whole of the West End, and that, in time, all the smaller buildings will disappear because they will be uneconomical. When the whole of that district is composed of big buildings and not rows of private houses in which no one can afford to live, narrow and insignificant streets will be no longer necessary. They will be so inconvenient, they will automatically disappear and there will be no regrets at their departure. If you suggested their abolition at the moment you would draw on your head storms of abusive criticism because the Londoner has not been educated to the change. But the change is inevitable, just as the disappearance of Devonshire House and Gardens was inevitable. And most of us have already forgotten what old Devonshire House really looked like.

Already drastic changes are being made in Berkeley Square, once the most exclusive of all London's confined

CHANGES IN PICCADILLY: The modernist portico which forms the entrance to the Park Lane Hotel

NEW FRONTAGES TO PICCADILLY: Piccadilly, into which a new artery must inevitably be driven from the north, is undergoing change at several points to-day

LONDON:
in the Empire's Capital

HILLSON

open spaces. Two huge hotels will shortly be erected on the square itself and a new street will link it up with Curzon Street farther west.

That will be the greatest improvement in the West End for years. It is incredible to think that even now Curzon Street is a *cul de sac* and Piccadilly is so swarming with traffic that progress is almost impossible. It is also inevitable that another street will be driven from Oxford Street to Piccadilly and yet another through the maze of narrow streets and passages parallel to Oxford Street between Tottenham Court Road and Edgware Road. It this street is not made it will be necessary to have an overhead street for fast traffic all the way down Oxford Street, for traffic must circulate and it can hardly do so at present. Overhead

LONDON'S LATEST HOTEL: One of the striking decorative glass panels in the vestibule of the Dorchester Hotel, erected on the site of Dorchester House, the greatest of the Park Lane Mansions

THE ROOF-GARDEN which forms one of the many attractions of the Dorchester Hotel. The sunshine-catching face of the building is an innovation in design for Park Lane

SEEN FROM THE PARK: The new Dorchester Hotel, Park Lane. The metal bays running up the angles of the building are a feature of the design. This latest luxury hotel has 300 bedrooms and 300 bathrooms—a feature that involves the use of twenty miles of piping. The plethora of bathrooms provides a sardonic commentary on the standard of luxury provided in the Victorian era, for the original Dorchester House was furnished with only three bathrooms—one in addition to the couple used by the resident family. The warm Italian tone of the building material of which the Dorchester is constructed lights up most pleasantly in the Spring sunshine in the manner of a Riviera hotel

streets are a frightful dream. Let us hope that London will always stick to surface roads, for the overhead railway in New York is the most hideous and cacophonous thing in the world and an overhead street would, have all the same disadvantages of noise and probably of design.

We now argue about the destinies of Rennie's design of Waterloo Bridge and speculate when the new Charing Cross Bridge will be built.

(*Continued on following page*)

CHANGING LONDON (continued)

By NORMAN HILLSON

It has been rebuilt practically every hundred years and each new city has preserved a distinctive charm—the charm of a great market town which houses the capital quite by accident. What many of us call London—the Strand, Piccadilly, Oxford Street, Kensington—wore an entirely different aspect a hundred years ago. It is not so long since that the Strand, now so dingy, was a street of palaces. Piccadilly was flanked with isolated mansions. Oxford Street was a Tom Tiddler's ground for the underworld of the town. Now each street has a character and association of its own. The new streets and new buildings will invest those same thoroughfares with similar characteristics. Why, already we have grown accustomed to the new Regent Street, and the tall buildings are creating a tradition different from that associated with Nash's Quadrant—but nevertheless a tradition. And the new London will be like that.

In this section, pictorial examples of this metamorphosis have been carefully selected to supplement the text. Park Lane, aristocrat of streets, has taken a lead with the great *blocs* of Devonshire House and the Dorchester. The latter has in it much of the allure of a Riviera hotel, its warm saffron stone, ornamented with roof garden and metal bays on the beading, striking a note suggestive of the Continent. Yet it is neither so strident in its modernity as the buildings of Berlin or Vienna nor as "pretty-pretty" as the edifices of Monaco. The swing of fashion is anticipated in the interior furnishing of the Dorchester, for a "sherry bar," executed in the Spanish style, replaces the now conventional cocktail bar; the popularity of the mixed drink being already on the wane. The Dorchester is, incidentally, the work of Curtis Green, A.R.A., and Partners.

In Piccadilly changes have as yet not been so startling as elsewhere. The new entrance to the ballroom of the Park Lane Hotel gives an earnest, however, of the alterations yet to come. There are several existing gaps where new buildings will spring up in the near future.

The smartest shopping street in London is, by tradition, the distinctively narrow thoroughfare of Bond Street and here the Yardley-Corot building is symptomatic of change, as is the new Cartier salon. The former is one of the most modern commercial buildings to be erected, and its up-to-dateness is enhanced by the fact that it stands on the site once occupied by one of the oldest of Bond Street buildings, Ashton and Mitchell's Library. The Cartier showrooms are lit with perpetual electric sunshine. Yet farther from the traditional marts, Baker Street is also "going modern." Berkeley Court rises, a block of luxury flats—which are also symptoms of life lived as it is to-day—on the corner of Marylebone Road.

Everywhere the metamorphosis is taking place. London, East, West, North, South, Millbank, and the river façade no less than the City, where even the Bank is presenting a new aspect to Threadneedle Street, is gradually evolving into the Metropolis of to-morrow as it was the City of yesterday and is the Empire's hub of to-day.

THE BALLROOM AT THE DORCHESTER in Park Lane is distinguished by the use of beautiful clustered lights which are reflected in the mirrors immediately behind them

A PARTICULARLY ATTRACTIVE feature of the Dorchester is the mezzanine lounge decorated with painted panels of scenes of London life

THE BEDROOMS OF THE DORCHESTER are luxuriously fitted in a variety of styles, period as well as modern

NEW SALONS IN BOND STREET: Glittering with jewelled articles of use and beauty, the new rooms of Messrs. Cartier, the jewellers of New Bond Street, are a marvel of artistry. The rooms are lit with windows through which perpetual (electric) sunshine streams

CHANGES IN THE BAKER STREET AREA: The fine block of flats known as the New Berkeley is a distinctive feature of this Baker Street district nowadays

I do not think the day will ever come when aeroplanes will alight on the Royal parks or on vast aerodromes contrived on the roofs of railway termini. Such centralization will not be necessary in an age of broad streets leading out of the city. It will be just as speedy to alight at an aerodrome outside the capital as risk a dangerous landing in the heart of London. Besides this an architect has yet to be born who can make a flat roof look attractive or artistic. And in the same way the river will never be used as a London highway for passenger traffic. The extent of the tides and the mud bottom of the stream itself will always render it practically impossible for the punctual working of river steamers on a big scale. And, curiously enough the river does not tap the great centres of population. It is bounded by wharves, factories, government buildings, and gardens, and there is no reason to suppose its character will change. The modernization of London may sound an idea to be dreaded to many people. But no city in the world has changed its aspect quite so much as London in the course of its history.

But the new generation will throw three or four more bridges across the river and marvel at their forefathers who were content with such a miserable number of means of crossing the Thames. Here and there will linger on a few old houses of short stature and antique brick. They will survive just as the half-timbered houses of Holborn survived from the days of the Great Fire of London. They will be kept as picturesque relics of the past by the side of towering hotels and great apartment buildings. And we must not deplore such survivals. Such tenuous links with a previous age give cities their greatest charm. New Yorkers regret that they have nothing old to show the stranger. Their city is like a vast and rather heavy human factory. London will never become like that, because Londoners have a long history and a love of their city which goes far deeper than boasting.

DUNLOP REINFORCED
IN A CLASS BY ITSELF
C.F.H.646

To-day, as for the past one hundred and forty years, where quality is the sole criterion, the Soda Water is Schweppes.

MOSQUITOES

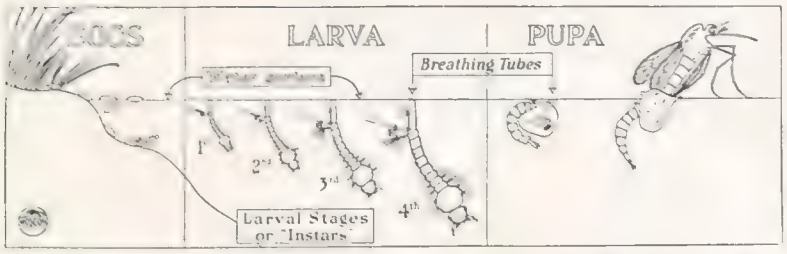
New Facts Concerning the Control and Use of these Insects

ARBOREAL: A typical breeding place of Culicine mosquitoes of the arboreal group. The beech tree has cavities at A, B, and C which collect the moisture necessary for breeding

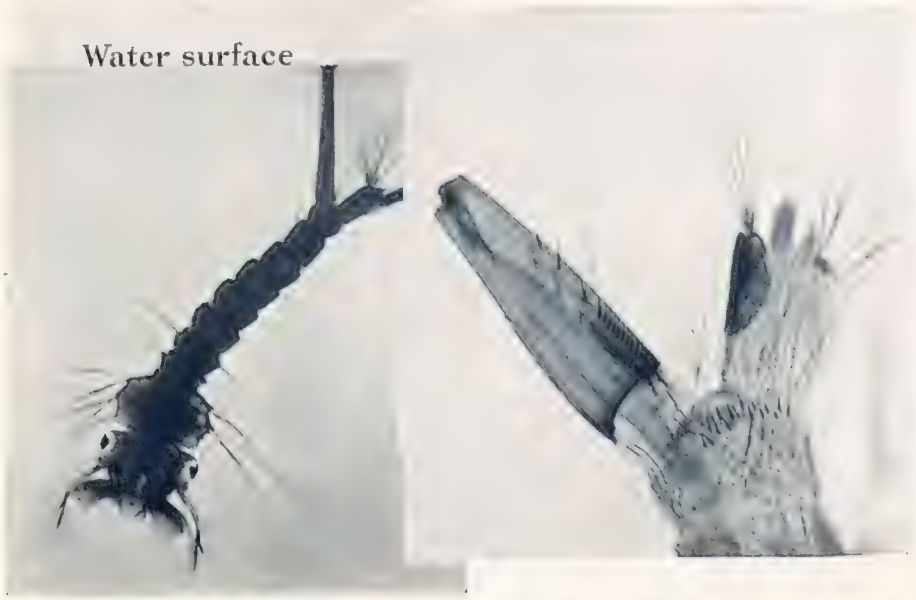
RURAL: Mosquitoes lay eggs where there is already water or where water is likely to collect. There are four main types: arboreal, coastal, domestic, and rural. A typical breeding place of the last-named is seen above. *On left*—A TYPICAL FEMALE: In all classes it is only the female that bites or carries disease

AN EGG RAFT: Eggs are in some cases laid in batches containing from 150 to 300 eggs on the surface of the water. The *larvæ* later wriggle out into the water

THE BIRTH OF A MOSQUITO: The fully fledged insect emerges from the submerged pupa



"INSTARS": A chart showing the development of a mosquito. First an egg, then a larva, which changes its skin four times, then a pupa, and finally a mosquito. Each stage of larval development is termed an *instar*



THE LARVA: This curious embryonic mosquito rests totally submerged with its *siphon* (seen magnified on right) protruding through the surface. Through this it breathes

The curse of the mosquito is one which is comparatively little felt in England. Out of the two thousand odd types of this insect but twenty-six are to be found in this country. Mosquitoes are divided into two main classes—the *anopheline* and the *culicine*, and of England's twenty-six varieties only three are *anopheline*; these are divided into four subdivisions—the arboreal, the coastal, the domestic, and the rural. Both *anopheline* and *culicine* varieties occur in all sub-classes but the coastal, where only *culicine* are to be found. The mother insect lays her eggs either on water or on dry land; in the latter event she selects hollows likely to be filled in with water at some later date, for no egg can hatch save in the presence of moisture. The *instars*—or stages of development—then occur as follows: from the egg a *larva* is hatched; this exists in water and sloughs its skin four times. On the shedding of the fourth skin a *pupa* emerges, and from this the full-fledged insect is born. From eighty to three hundred eggs are laid by one female, and different species lay various numbers of broods a year. Domestic mosquitoes breed in stagnant ponds, water butts, etc.; coastal mosquitoes in marshy places near the seaboard; rural mosquitoes in damp, woody districts; and the arboreal variety in water-filled cavities in trees. In the case of the domestic mosquito, the female hides in buildings all through the winter, but in other varieties the hibernation takes place either in the egg or larval stages. The eggs of some species remain unhatched for years and then produce quite normal insects. In all classes all over the world only the female bites and only the female can carry disease. The plagues disseminated by mosquitoes include malaria, yellow fever, and dengue fever, though the particular species which carry the last two named do not exist in England. English *anopheline* mosquitoes used to convey ague (malaria) but do not now do so under natural conditions. They may, however, be artificially infected in the laboratory and are now largely used for transmitting malaria to sufferers from general paralysis, the disease which, hitherto incurable, is now being successfully treated in this way. The main troubles English mosquitoes bring in their train are irritation, both mental and physical, and, on rare occasions, blood poisoning. Considerable activity is being maintained by scientists to devise means for controlling mosquitoes and to rid the world of this plague, the main methods employed being either the poisoning of the water in which the insects breed or the spraying, with a film of oil, of the stagnant water which provides their nursery. The oil actually suffocates the larvæ by blocking up the siphon through which they breathe.

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

BY PHILIP PAGE

"The Church Mouse."

The new Playhouse production, *The Church Mouse*, adapted by Benn Levy from the German of Siegfried Geyer and Ladislaus Fodor, has been widely described as a Cinderella play. I am afraid the Cinderella story would not have lived through the centuries and have invested Perrault with immortality had it been really like *The Church Mouse*. Take a poorly-dressed drudge of a girl and half-way through your story deck her out in fine clothes and you do not necessarily make a Cinderella of her. There was a musical-comedy, *The Catch of the Season*, which had a good deal more of the Cinderella in it than this play, and it was also a good deal more amusing.

"THEY ALWAYS FOLLOW ME!" Miss Kathline Burgis in the title rôle of "The Belle of New York" revived at Daly's

Not that *The Church Mouse* is not quite a fair entertainment in rather a mild way. People who saw it in the original language have raved to me of its charm, its audacity, its wit, and its *insouciance*. What Mr. Levy has done with these I know not. There is but a small measure of them at the sea-gull end of Northumberland Avenue, which is the more surprising since Mr. Levy has a pretty wit of his own and wrote, in *This Woman Business*, one of the subtlest comedies of the last dozen years.

In this *Cinderella*—very Teutonic and twentieth century—Prince Charming has become a wealthy banker, and is charming only so far as the part is played by Sir Gerald du Maurier. His Highness is a cock-sure sort of person—an amourist, a strangely un-tired business man, a bit of a cynic, and in affairs of the heart, a bit of a coward. There is much in the part that is cheap, and it is due to Sir Gerald's handling of it that there is always present an expensive glitter. The glitter becomes positively dazzling in the opening scene, which is the best of the lot. The Prince's secretary is attractive—too attractive for the job. She is a luxurious blonde, and if this were the film-world instead of a mixture of public-school and Mittel-Europa, she would be called a gold-digger. Anyway she is dismissed, to concern herself in future, one surmises, with tiaras instead of typewriters. If this is intended as a counterpart to an Ugly Sister, Miss Sunday Wilshin was about as wrong as she could possibly be. That is to say, she looked and played most seductively.

Her job is taken over by Cinderella—drab and sensible. She is terrifyingly efficient, and serves the Prince, dictating and dictatorial, with the cannie understanding of a Barrie woman. At this stage the part simply bristles with suggestions of Miss Hilda Trevelyan, and there is a risk of a "whimsey" at every moment. But if a "whimsey" does not come off, a big financial deal in Paris does, and it is discreetly conveyed that the shorthand note-book and tremendous canniness of the church mouse have helped it along. So she must have a holiday. She has just managed to scrape enough money together to buy a holiday dress, she puts it on, and triumphs. Thus the play, without a whimsey, but with much that is flimsey, comes to its appointed and expected end.

Susie Sachs, the church mouse, is a difficult part, for, like her predecessor, Hans, she must be a good sort, given to self-sacrifice and all that sort of thing, and at the same time have charm. Miss Leonora Bonda, who comes from the country of the play's origin, was better as the mouse than as the butterfly—if I may be forgiven a startling mixture of natural history. Her foreign accent is a great handicap, as it was in the case of quite a crop of German or Austrian leading ladies who have graced the London stage this year. I congratulate her on overcoming the language difficulty fairly well and being an obviously efficient actress. But I cannot congratulate the powers that be at the Playhouse on overlooking many an English actress of equal ability and greater facility in our own tongue. We are rather overdoing the forgiven-and-forgotten business.

Mr. Spencer Trevor is wholly admirable as a *vieux marcheur* of the most peppery and Trevorish brand.

"Black Coffee."

There could be no greater tribute to the genius of Conan Doyle than the multitudinous attempts to create detective characters of the same peculiar brand of immortality as Sherlock Holmes. Some of the attempts are successful. Far more are unsuccessful. Among the former I would place Agatha Christie's plump Belgian, Hercule Poirot, and the indomitable but rather colourless Sexton Blake. One day an ingenious dramatist will write a play in which all these people appear, in which, in fact, every single member of the cast is a famous detective. Give them no murder and no mystery, and it would be rather fun. I present the idea as a possibility for a revue sketch.

Hercule Poirot has bobbed up again in Mrs. Christie's *Black Coffee* at the St. Martin's Theatre. This is a good crime play of its type, and it is free from the thrills which have become so prevalent of late that they cease to thrill and are merely funny. Someone had put poison in Sir Claud Amory's coffee, and we see the old man die in an armchair and a bad temper. There is nothing else that is particularly exciting—no trap-doors, no daggers, no clocks charged with electric horror, no clutching hands, no ghastly faces bathed in green light, and no groans supplied "off" by the assistant stage manager. The author just gets down to grips, takes you into her confidence (rather too much, since she gives an important part of the show away rather too soon), and from 8.30 to 11 o'clock or so you work away at the thing. It is all rather like working out a cross-word puzzle or a game of patience.

"FIVE FARTHINGS": Miss Marie Tempest as the cocktail drinking mother who conceals her predilections, and Miss Adrianne Allen in the new comedy at the Haymarket

There are thousands upon thousands of people who like this sort of play, and *Black Coffee* happens to be an extremely efficient specimen of its kind. I do not like the kind, since I have not the type of brain that can grapple with cross-words, railway guides, bridge, the higher or lower mathematics, or income-tax returns. If one can afford it, one should, I think, employ a solicitor to do the wrestling; I felt, indeed, that I should have asked my solicitor to go to this play on my behalf and to offer a reasonable compromise. But that is because of a firmly-established conviction that crime is usually rather dull even in real life, and invented crime duller still.

Mr. Francis Sullivan is the new Hercule Poirot. He is less greasily diabolical than Mr. Charles Laughton was in *Alibi*; but I prefer his idea of the part to that of the brilliant Mr. Laughton, who manages to invest even a sympathetic character with something sinister. It was difficult to feel that Mr. Laughton's Hercule was getting people out of a mess and not involving them in a deeper one. Mr. Sullivan, on the other hand, makes the man obviously a good sort; his broken English is first-rate, and he can show the necessary speed. This piece has its Dr. Watson in the blandly stupid Captain Hastings, admirably played by Mr. Roland Culver. I foresee a long line of Roland Culver parts, and with that the end of any possibility of Mr. Culver developing into an actor of versatile attainments. That would be a pity, but it would mean plenty of work.

Miss Renée Gadd, in a part of incurable facetiousness, has an untidy way of moving and speaking. Since, however, Miss Gadd has a very distinct personality, charm, and a sense of humour, she could have a dozen other and more serious faults and not worry. The fussy, middle-aged sister of the murdered man was played with great cleverness by Miss Josephine Middleton, and Miss Jane Millican, red-wigged, had little to do but to moon about the stage in tragically attractive fashion. Who murdered Sir Claud? The one person, of course, whom one is intended not to suspect at all. I fear I suspected that unsuspected person in the first five minutes. It is, I fear, rather a flaw in the technique of detective fiction thus invariably to fix the crime on the one obviously unsuspicious person. A gallery of suspects disarms suspicion far more effectually. One suspected and guilty person would baffle any audience.

A FAMOUS ACTRESS MARRIED: Fräulein Elisabeth Bergner, the famous German actress, has just married Mr. Swift, the son of an industrial magnate of America

CONSPIRACY: Mr. Lewis Casson as Stogumber, Mr. Lewin Mannering as the Bishop of Beauvais, and Mr. George Curzon as the Earl of Warwick take council together as to how they may immure St. Joan—the great exposé of the feudal system in the Shavian masterpiece revived at His Majesty's

"King Lear."

Even Irving is said to have failed as King Lear. That has not daunted young Mr. John Gielgud, who has followed up an interesting Hamlet and an amusing performance as a mincing nincompoop in *The Jealous Wife* by taking on that tremendous character. Before seeing Mr. Gielgud at the Old Vic I had only once before seen a Lear—that of Mr. Norman McKinnel at the Haymarket a good many years ago, and that was sufficiently terrifying. It has been said that King Lear is unactable. That, of course, depends entirely on one's personal conception of what is or is not actable and how far an individual performance comes up to that conception. No hard and fast rules can be laid down. In watching Mr. Gielgud, who is always interesting, I could not get over the conviction that here was not an old man but a young one with a lot of white hair plastered on him. That was hardly Mr. Gielgud's fault, since his age is public property. But if Mr. Gielgud had been completely successful as Lear, he would have made even his own brother forget whether he was eighteen or eighty. I would put his version down as a magnificent failure, with the reservation that though he has failed there is, in all probability, not a living actor who would have succeeded, or a dead one either. Mr. Leslie French's Fool was good, and Miss Patricia MacNabb was appealingly simple as Cordelia.

TYROLEAN DÉCOR: *The colourful scene at the Coliseum, which has at last abandoned variety*

Special Sphere pictures

THE WINDOW: A great feature of the production is the number of real windows at which singing Tyrolians appear and disappear

Pictures by the Special "Sphere" Process

REAL TYROLEAN DANCERS: The genuineness of the various features of the production has been unwontedly stressed. Fraulein Lea Seidl takes the leading role. Inset above on left *is a scene in progress against one of the mountain sets in "The White Horse Inn"*

THE REALISTIC PAGEANTRY OF "THE WHITE HORSE INN" AT THE LONDON COLISEUM

Reso Tom Camp at Palm Valley, Central Australia

FIVE THOUSAND MILES *of* THRILLS

Chasing Big Game in the "Never-Never"

April passes into May, and with it the monsoons and the summer heat of Australia north of Capricorn. The days begin to sparkle again, and one fossicks out blankets at night. Melburnians, Sydneysiders, "Saussies," as they call them in the vineyard State, and the people of Tasman's picturesque little apple island are conning timetables of the trains and boats that afford them escape from what winter there is in the south; for your Australian in the thirty parallels dislikes shivering as much as any Englishman in the fifties.

And, conversely, men are coming down from the rubber and copra plantations of the islands to cool off and do a bit of shooting and fishing. In six words, the North Australian season is on. The Barrier Reef is beckoning, the sunny winter of the tropics is calling, the palm trees are waving, the wild turkeys and geese, teal and ibis, black duck and parras are practising speed bursts, the water buffalo are bellowing, the crocodiles are blowing bubbles, and it's a case of Johnny get your gun.

It's the best sport in the world away up in Arnhem Land, the least-known territory in a little-known continent. Buffalo and crocodile are *the* things to shoot, with game birds and a bit of fishing in the Roper thrown in as sidelines.

Crocodiles have always been there, twenty-foot man-eaters some of them, and real crocodiles at that—none of your alligator imitations. The buffalo originally came from Timor, and their seed has increased and multiplied so exceedingly as to become a perfect nuisance. No self-respecting cattle, nor for that any other animal, will drink in a water-hole in which a buffalo has been wallowing. Big fellows some of them are, too, scaling up to a ton and with a spread of horn of sometimes fifteen feet. A tiger from a howdah or a tree-fork is an admitted thrill, but when from your horse you face an old-man buffalo, shaking a ponderous, magnificent head and lashing a furious tail, you get something quite different, especially when you remember about the only vulnerable spots—the spine and the flank—in that two-and-a-half-inch thickness of hide.

Until a year or two ago buffalo and crocodile in these remote parts were the preserve of the aboriginal and a few cattle men—you could number the whole white population of the tract of country where the best sport is now, and which is somewhat larger than England, on the fingers of one hand. But some people have a flair for finding out a good thing, and if it's new and age-old at the same time it threatens to become popular.

Thus, hunters are increasing, and the territory, although 700 miles away from the farthest outpost of the Queensland railway at Cloncurry and the northern terminus of the line to Central Australia at Alice Springs, is less remote. But some of the wilder aboriginals still roam undisturbed by the centuries and, save for a little applied paint, are still naked and unashamed. The weird corroboree of primitive yet impressive chanting and frenzied dancing and stamping, in a setting of scrub and bonfire under the stars, is still performed as it was before Noah ran aground at Mount Ararat or the Pyramids were built.

Alice Springs Hotel in the geographical centre of the Australian continent

The enterprising Commonwealth Railways have now taken a hand in getting big-game enthusiasts to the venue of their quarry. They are even organizing small parties this season with experienced guides, cooks, high-powered cars, horses, camp equipment, guns, and ammunition. The seeker after heads and horns for his hall or his den provides himself with a couple of tropical khaki suits, three blankets, pyjamas, and a tooth brush, and all these other things are added unto him. It costs him round about £130 for five weeks.

He goes by train from Melbourne or Adelaide, roughly a thousand miles, to Alice Springs, the geographical centre of Australia, where he joins a car equipped for bush travelling for another thousand miles, over clay pan and river bed, through scrub and tall grasses that stretch to limitless horizons and where human habitations are sometimes 200 miles apart and cattle stations as much as 100 miles across—at one an aeroplane is kept for locating cattle, while another, on the route, occupies 5,000 square miles.

By this time he has acquired something of the out-back feeling. Ensconced in blanket-lined "flea-bag" he sleeps like a log in l'Hôtel de la Belle Etoile, or, if he prefers, in a tent; he washes from an enamel basin and goes over his chin only once; he assists at the solemn rite of boiling the billy; he relishes his matutinal egg and bacon as never from cloth-draped mahogany. Fit as a fiddle, he wants to run round and punch things.

And so through Daly Waters to Birdum on the fifteenth parallel, and the train again to Port Darwin, cosmopolitan and half-Oriental, the northern gateway to Australia, the last anxious objective of airmen and airwomen from the other hemisphere, and withal a very pleasant little town where pearlers, buffalo hunters, and men from remote mines and cattle stations meet to swop yarns and drinks. A botanical garden ablaze with about six hundred tropical plants, a blue and green harbour fringed with white sand and red rock and dotted with luggers, a small steamer or two and some chugging motor craft beguile your hunting-party for a day or two, and then the move is made towards the flat-topped hills typical of north Australia, that shimmer in the distance across the indescribable quietness of a vast, unoccupied land.

The hunting camp is pitched at Annaburroo cattle station, right in the middle of Arnhem Land, a couple of hundred miles from Darwin, eastward of the Mary River valley which is hemmed in by castellated cliffs 150 and 200 ft. high, and in which grow palm trees and luxuriant vegetation. Beyond the Mary is a very broken tableland which for scenery, according to a noted geologist, "has few parallels on the face of the earth."

Flat-topped hills, isolated hills, hills like lighthouses, hills like fortresses and bastions and city gates and ruined palaces, gorges and cliffs of extraordinary colour combinations, white, red, blue and striped, characterize the country and give it an almost startling aspect.

And for nearly a fortnight one hunts buffalo and shoots crocodile and smaller game—deer, wild turkeys, pigeons, quail, and an almost infinite variety of other birds. It is a veritable Valhalla of dreams, and for plenitude of game can probably beat rival spots anywhere.

E. J. Brady in his classic, *Australia Unlimited*, describes how in these parts he lay down flat in a buffalo wallow watching the movements of more edible game than he had ever seen in his life in one place. As his nigger boy scouted along the edge of a watercourse, the birds began to come down in companies, battalions, and brigades. A mob of about two thousand wild geese alighted about two hundred yards away. A bullet from his automatic pistol then stirred up the whole swamp. Mobs of black geese flew high into the air, circled and dived down again with a noise like distant thunder. "I cut out a couple with two barrels of No. 2 shot intended for the ducks," he says. "Parras, whistlers, teal, ibis, and cranes came along at different heights and ranges; in a word, the shooting on that swamp was all that a good sportsman might imagine in his rosiest day dreams."

The way back to civilization lies again along the overland telegraph route to Alice Springs, and thence by train. The trophies of the chase, heads, horns, crocodile skins, perhaps an old-man kangaroo or two, and a few curious bits of stone—inevitably you collect these—have been prepared by the black boys at the camp for despatch south. Eventually you steam slowly into the big railway station at Adelaide feeling about ten years younger for your five thousand unique miles in the Never-Never, some of which few, if any, white feet have trodden, and with firm resolve to do it all again some day.

Anglaustralis.

Grazing stock, showing the high, flat-topped earth formations in the background, which geologists claim to mark the original level of the country

"THE SPHERE" TRAVEL BUREAU

Readers are reminded that "The Sphere" Travel Bureau is always at their disposal to help them to choose a suitable holiday for any time of the year. This bureau will readily provide details of fares, routes, hotels, resorts, etc., by return of post. Each request has personal care and attention, and the advice given is entirely unbiased. All requests are answered free; 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc. Address your inquiry to: "THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2

The WORLD *of* WOMEN

Some Personalities of To-day

MODELLED IN CLAY: Mr. R. A. Hignett, with the clay model of Miss Peggy Wood, the distinguished American actress who has played the leading rôle in *Bitter Sweet*

BUILDING HER HOUSE: Miss Marion Duckham, the eldest daughter of Sir Arthur Duckham, is taking an active part in the construction of her future home near Ashted

A COLLECTOR OF OLD PORCELAIN: Frau Ella Stockhausen, the German millionairess and the country's most famous collector of old porcelain and other antiques. Her collection has been valued at well over a quarter of a million sterling and is fully insured

THE BULL-FIGHTER WHO WILL NEVER KILL: Señorita Mya Hollarez, the South American woman bull-fighter, who was falsely reported to have appeared before the Princes

Douglas

A RECENT PORTRAIT OF THE HON. MRS. BAILLIE-HAMILTON: The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Holden, she married in 1929 the brother of the Earl of Haddington, who is heir-presumptive to the title and in 1918 was granted by Royal Warrant precedence as an earl's younger son. The Hon. Mrs. Baillie-Hamilton is a leader of the younger social set

THE "LYONS MALE" AND FEMALE! Mr. A. H. Salmon, one of the managing directors of the famous catering firm, and Miss Renee Fletcher, his secretary and bride. They were married at the St. John's Wood Synagogue

SCANDINAVIA'S GREATEST ACTRESS: Mme. Tora Teje, who is often referred to as Sweden's Ellen Terry, in character in her latest success at the Dramatic Theatre, Stockholm. She gives a startling performance as Queen Elizabeth, about whom many plays and books and films have of late been concerned

Courtaulds San Toy fabric is suggested as the medium for this simple summer frock, which has fashionable short sleeves and two small frills at the hips

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

The MODE *of the* MOMENT

Summer is really on its way now, and it behoves us not to let the first warm rays of the sun burst upon us unawares and find one unprepared.

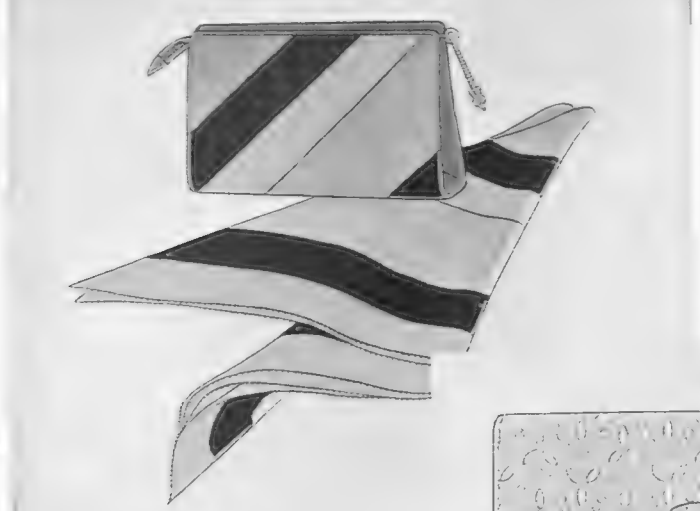
A simple frock for warmer days is illustrated on this page. It is composed of Courtauld's San Toy artificial silk, which may be obtained from all the large stores in a wide variety of colours and designs. It is a soft and supple fabric which drapes easily and gracefully, and is thus especially easy for the amateur to handle.

Inexpensive handbags composed of the same material as one's frock are to be a popular vogue this summer. Gorringe's have a wide selection of these bags, one example of which is illustrated here. It is destined to be worn with the popular broderie anglaise frocks, and is itself fashioned of broderie anglaise. These pochettes may be purchased in charming shades of rose, green, blue, and beige, and many other equally attractive colours.

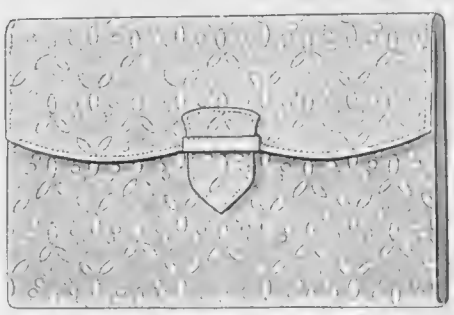
Another chic handbag takes for its design the exact pattern and colourings of the scarf with which it is worn. An example sketched here shows a Rodier scarf in green beige and red, and the leather bag is carried out in the same colourings. The whole set costs 49s. 6d.

Curls are very much *en évidence* in the newest hairdressing styles, and M. Emile has introduced them in the most bewitching manner. The coiffure of to-day to be chic must be individual, and it must essentially become the features which it is destined to adorn. M. Emile also makes a speciality of Court head-dresses.

Curls are very much in evidence in these two becoming coiffures by M. Emile of Conduit Street. The sketch on the right shows a style of coiffure to wear with Court head-dress, much favoured by the American debutante



On left—A new idea in a bag ensemble. Carried out in beige, green and red. Price 49s. 6d.
On right—This broderie anglaise silk-lined pochette, costs 10s. both come from Gorringe



On left—
A cross-over collar of georgette, tied at the V with a buckle. The circles which form the end of the ties are made of fine lace
On right—
A smart finish for a frock is this georgette collar, with scalloped edges. Both come from Gorringe

On right—
This necklace made of paste and ruby beads is a delightful decorative accessory for evening wear, from Galeries Lafayette

A chic crepe de chine scarf carried out in a plaid design. Price 14s. 9d., all from Galeries Lafayette

Above
One of the latest watches is one which clips on to the dress. It has an excellent movement and is set in French paste and sterling silver. From £4 19s.

On left—
This novel ornament clips on the side of one's hat and forms an attractive ear-ring. It is carried out in French paste and sterling silver and costs £3. 3s. From Galeries Lafayette

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FIRE AT SEA:

(Continued from page 144)

how far we were from land—from a reasonable port, at all events. Kerguelen offered no decent harbourage. Only seals and penguins there—and icebergs barring the road even so.

"Let's hope it isn't anything much," I said, as much to hearten myself as Rhys, who was old and ugly enough to fend for himself.

"With that gov'ment ammunition?" he withered me.

Now, I had seen a ship afire on a previous voyage; though not actually at sea—a big German nitre ship in Iquique, fully-laden with the inflammable stuff for which the South American west coast is famous. She took fire suddenly, and was incandescent in a couple of hours. Her crew saved themselves by jumping overboard; and the boats sent out to save them couldn't approach closely because of the steam boiling up from the ship's waterline. I had disturbing visions of the *Ravenby* behaving the same way—with mighty small chance of leaping overboard for life.

The captain and mate were absent for'ard for what seemed an unconscionable time; and I felt very small on that gale-swept poop. They knew what they were about—that heated bulkhead was ominous. Their natural instinct was to open up the fore-hatch, to see how much of the fire there was; but not wishing, I suppose, to confirm their fears, they decided to overhaul the plan of stowage, to see if freight were stowed against that bulkhead that might grow hot without actually firing.

So they came aft; the mate dug out the plan, then he went for'ard again, The captain busied himself with the plan in the chart-room. When he showed again on deck and noticed me there, he angrily asked me why the devil I was loafing aft instead of being for'ard working. That showed he was unsettled—although he never was a thoroughly reasonable man.

"The mate told me to look after her, sir," I said.

"Get ye for'ard!" he bawled, and I started off; before I'd reached the barrel of the donkey-winch he was yelling to me to return. He passed me, charging for'ard like a bull, and hurled; "Stop aft and watch out for her!" at me as he passed. But presently the second mate turned up, wakened by the steward; thick-headed with sleep in a confined space; and bundled me off the poop. I wasn't sorry, better to be with the fighting gang than aloof, imagining a thousand difficulties.

The watch was out of the peak. The mate, carpenter and captain were arguing as to whether it was feasible to cut a hole through the steel bulkhead. To open a hatch threatened to allow oxygen below to fan such flames as might be. There was, it seemed, no cargo against the bulkhead that was likely to heat up without bursting into open fire—rather the contrary. Bale and case goods for the most part. We never actually discovered how the fire started; the surmise was that certain cases had chafed together owing to the liveliness of the ship and so had created fire by friction.

The carpenter said he had no tools to cut through a quarter-inch steel bulkhead. He mentioned, in the freedom that emergency always brings, that in all his perishing days he'd never found himself aboard a ship so ill-equipped.

"Open up a ventilator and see what she does," said the skipper. The cover and the plug of a shaft were removed—quite a distance from the apparent seat of the fire. A thin curl of gray smoke appeared, a boarding sea chuckled down the opening, and the smoke died, but reappeared as the cascade ceased.

"Good thing it isn't farther aft!" the mate consoled. "Not that putting water down there's going to get at it."

"Put a hose down, anyway; smother it," was the order. It seemed unnecessary, considering the water that was flooding our decks; but the hose was fetched out and lowered; shackled to the head-pump; and two men were put to the handles. Oakum was packed about the distended pipe, as air was just the one thing we didn't want the fire to have. One of the watch said, grumblingly:

"How about seeing them boats clear and ready, cap'n?" Greegan spun on him, his face swollen.

"You scabs talk about boats to me and I'll put an axe through 'em both!" he rasped. "Think any boat'd get anywhere in this weather? What's biting you—a little fire?"

"No," returned the man, sullenly; "it's that guv'ment ammunition."

"You make me sick," said the skipper; but he swallowed on the word. "Chips, cut a hole in the deck abaft the bulkhead." The carpenter got his tools and began. Why his measured blows with the adze should have reminded me of hammer-strokes on a coffin I don't know; except that I've been cursed with a too-vivid imagination all my life.

Cutting through a four-inch deck plank isn't easy when you must keep the hole small. But it was done by dark, and another hose was rigged and packed with oakum. That meant double work on the indifferent head-pumps; four men at the handles at a time and quick reliefs. We'd forgotten about changing watches, as we'd forgotten about meals. Once I laid down on the swilling deck and clapped my ear to the oakum packing, and swore I could distinctly hear the snap and crackle of flames—imagination of course. After a couple more hours of pumping the mate went below to test the bulkhead, and on his return his face showed grave by the light of a weak hurricane lamp. I heard him say the steel was hotter than before.

Captain Greegan went aft, shouted half-way there to the mate to see that the boats were equipped with fresh water and food. He also ordered the carpenter to set about building whalebacks on the lifeboats, to afford some sort of shelter if it came to abandoning ship in hard weather. Then he sent the steward for'ard with grog for all hands—that showed us the position was serious; for grog was rarer than kind words aboard the *Ravenby*.

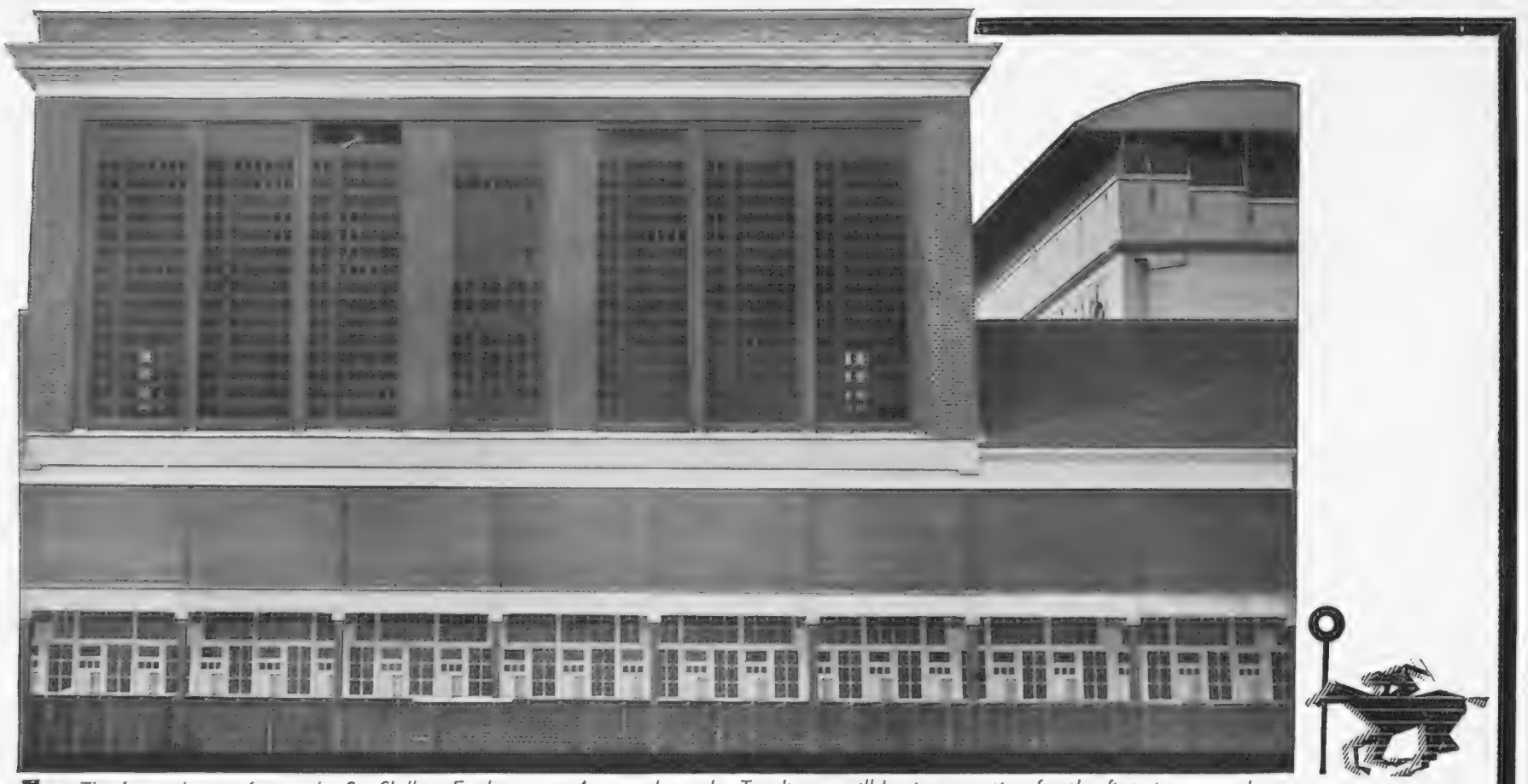
Through all that night we ran Calashee watches—sleeping when we were not taking spells at the pump; or yarning in sheltered corners—the talk inevitably running on other fires in which the crew had been concerned. The ship rioted on her way—to attempt to heave her to would have been folly, as the run of the wind from for'ard would have driven the fire aft. But we noticed the freshened gale was threatening to increase in force; and the ship's movements were becoming livelier. It might mean that we couldn't run before the gale much longer and would have to heave-to to avoid running under.

It seemed an endless night. By morning the bulkhead appeared almost red-hot. The hose was withdrawn momentarily from the hewn hole; and a harsh gush of steam followed it. The ship was now laboring heavily; and under normal conditions would have been hove to. As it was, we were called on to set more sail to keep her ahead of the roaring combers. When this was done she plunged into the big stuff so determinedly that she kept a constant Niagara teeming over her forecastle head, and such as worked the pump were knee-deep in brine.

Presently we were called to trim the yards—course was being altered. We were told nothing; but when I was called aft for some trifling purpose I saw a chart on the table and got a quick look at it—saw that we were fully 2,000 miles from any port, and that, although the ship was logging a blusterous thirteen knots, it meant seven days of hard running before we could reach anchorage. The question was: Which would go the faster—the ship or the fire?

A fresh hole was cut in the deck and the hose shifted from the ventilator, so that two streams of water descended on what we hoped was the seat of the conflagration. That the fire was gaining was quite evident; the moment the water drained from the deck for'ard of the fore-hatch, the planking dried.

(Continued on page 164)



The big indicator facing the Six Shilling Enclosure at Ascot, where the Totalisator will be in operation for the first time next June.

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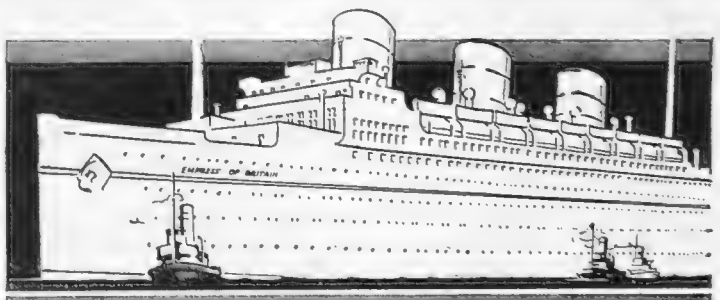

ONE OF THE SHIPS OF THE SHORT SEAWAY

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FIRE AT SEA:

(Continued from page 162)

The skipper came for'ard and ordered a hatch removed—with care—and an attempt was made to locate the blaze. This was done with the greatest caution, and immediately the small wooden cover was lifted a choking cloud of smoke and steam belched upward. None the less, forbidding as the situation appeared, Rhys wrapped a soaked rag around his face—the man was fearless—and dived below. He didn't reappear. Minutes passed. I am glad I was the one to go down with a rope to ascertain what had happened to him. I choked, held my breath, groaned, and got a hold of Rhys's foot before I lost my senses, and was drawn up holding on to Rhys.

It was realized that the case was desperately serious. At the open hatch it was possible to hear the snarl of flames and cracklings; but cotton goods were afire, and it was not possible to breathe below; this being before the days of gas-masks and intricate fire-fighting appliances. There was nothing to do but go on pumping water and, in addition, rig a funnel of canvas which would collect the cascading water from the forecastle and lead it below through a small hole cut in the hatch.

I have pumped a leaky ship for dear life; but I doubt it that work was so terribly tedious and seemingly futile as working the *Ravenby's* head pump on this occasion. We pumped all-out until our heads swam and our limbs ached agonizingly. We ate like men asleep; we drank the occasional tots of grog without appreciation. When we slept we did it soddenly.

Meantime the fire in no way diminished. Rather it increased. Variety to labour was given by the need to pump *out* the bilges—pumping out what we had just pumped in—as the ship was lowering in the water and becoming less seaworthy. We might have set the donkey engine going to deal with the midship pumps but for the fact that the donkey-house was drowned out by every boarding sea. However, to use a windjammer's chain pumps and her head pump demands entirely different types of exertion, so the muscles we worked to death for'ard were given a rest amidships.

By that time the steel bulkhead for'ard was so hot that it was almost impossible to stay down in the forepeak. Casks of tar and oil were stowed there in abundance, and these had to be got up to avoid the risk of another conflagration. The combustibles were awkwardly rolled aft along the deck—try to roll a 300-lb. tar barrel along a deck that is angling itself like a geometrician's nightmare and you will know what I mean—and there lashed fast.

But even this shift of bulk altered the *Ravenby's* trim enough to make her poop more vulnerable, and twice in one watch she was cleanswept; on the second occasion the upper half of the steering wheel was carried away, which called for the lashing of handspikes across the wreck to enable steering to be carried on. Fire down below and raging storm up above!

During the following night the fire gained ground to such an extent that the for'ard hatches of the fore hatchway crumbled away and tongues of flame leaped into the darkness. Since the wind blew those flames under the forecastle head to scorch the men at the head pump, and scorch them badly, too, it was necessary to attempt something by way of palliative. A sail was got up from the locker, drenched by being allowed to lie in the swilling scuppers for a few minutes, and then draped over the spouting hatchway. This as a temporary measure. The cascading water from the forecastle head promised to keep the canvas saturated, but to make sure boys were put on with draw buckets to swill and re-swill the cover. Meantime, all hands were called and the steel weather doors from the poop-break were cut away from their rusted moorings—not easily done in the swirling darkness—and carried forward to be shored in place over the hole. The idea was to create a fireproof barricade that should prevent the fire-feeding air from entering the incandescent furnace below.

Every possible subterfuge was resorted to. The ammunition being the greatest danger, although a considerable distance still lay between the fire and the magazine, attempts were made to flood the latter. The main hatches were lifted for the inboarding waves to descend below, but two circumstances militated against the utility of this measure—the cordite was in waterproof steel cases and the opening of the main hatch caused air to reach the flames and fan them to increased fury. The stowage plans showed that between the after end of the fore hatch and the fore end of the main hatch was stowed cargo of a less inflammable quality—machinery in great cases, but the cases themselves were tinderlike and enough to carry a trail of flame aft to the walls of the magazine.

When it became apparent that the ship was doomed, the only thing remaining was to put off the moment of explosion still further. Although it meant permitting the entry of air to the fire, the main hatch was opened, and working in unbearable heat and choking, eddying smoke, deluged with water that leaped hungrily down the main hatch, we began to jettison the ammunition—to save its life, as Rhys put it.

Four hundred tons calls for a lot of handling, even when whips are rigged aloft to aid human effort. While most of us were thus engaged, certain volunteers crept along the top of the freight's top with hoses, to saturate the weighty cases between the magazine and the fire. These men were usually dragged out by the feet, unconscious—and, in some cases, scorched.

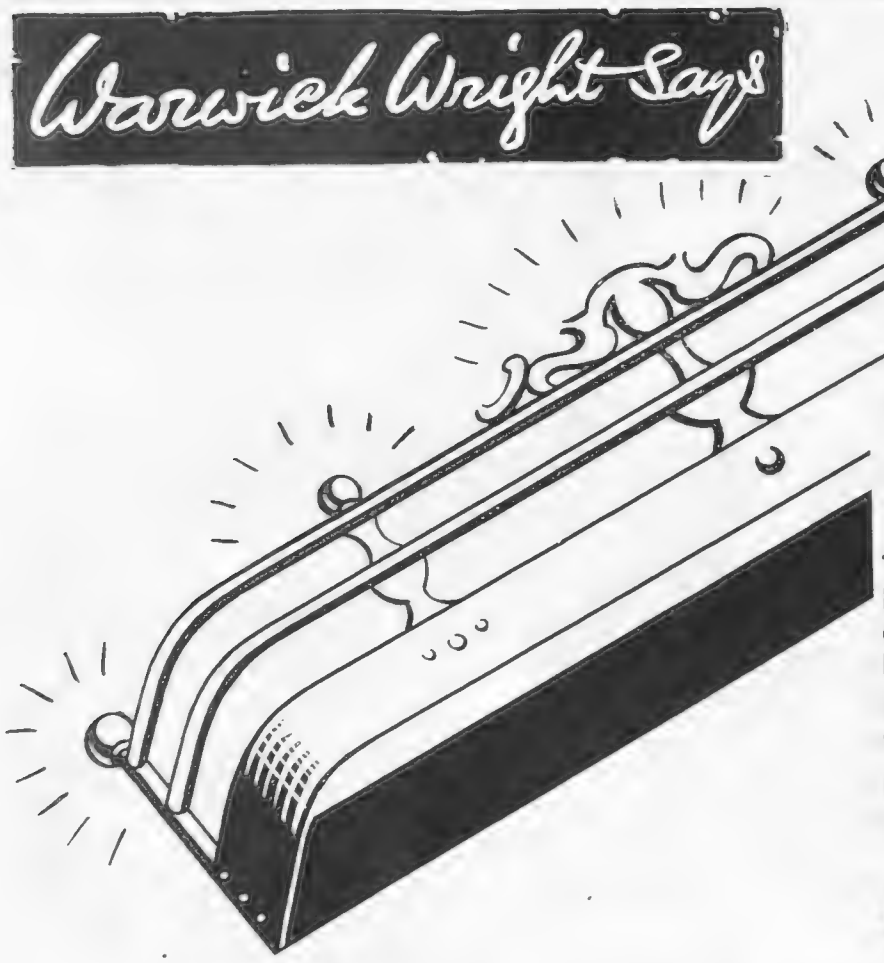
Almost as we finished jettisoning the explosives the flames overcame resistance forward. The protecting steel doors dropped down into the heart of the conflagration and flames leapt high. They caught the foot of the roaring foresail, recoiled, came on again, dried the saturated rope and canvas, licked it away as if it were paper, and the ship lost way to such an extent that she was repeatedly pooped by the following seas. Her position was now so hopeless as to warrant abandonment—had there been anywhere to go!

As a desperate resort the *Ravenby* was hove to stern on. It was nightmarish work—to rig a sea-anchor and get it over, with an oil-bag attached, to break the first weight of the towering seas. We did it—windjammer men lived on miracles, anyhow. But, although it eased us to a slight extent, it couldn't save us. The whole forepart of the ship was red-hot, and it required only the bursting of a plate to send us to the bottom like a stone. All work on the pump was perforce abandoned; we had now nothing to do but watch the progress of the flames. All hands were living aft; sleeping in watches as normal; but work was to all intents and purposes suspended. The weather was no better; the incessantly boarding seas, coming over the after part mostly—since the stern was dragged to the wind by the sea-anchor—ran forward and became steam, so that the ship's forepart was hidden from our view.

But we had done one good thing in heaving to. In those days few ships ran from east to west down the easting. We had been scudding at such high speed as to prevent any other east-bounders overtaking us. Now, arrested, we were in better case. Two days of lying hoveto brought a morning and a sail in view—the *Marlborough*, Antwerp to Port Pirie. She stood down under a rag of canvas to inquire, and, on realizing our hopeless plight, signalled her intention of attempting a rescue.

She succeeded, thanks to cunning seamanship and sterling courage on the part of her people, and the lavish use of oil to smooth a track for her boats to negotiate. We were rescued and taken aboard the *Marlborough*, and she, making sail, plunged away from the fire-spouting wreck that had been our home and our Gethsemane. The last we saw of her was a cloud of smoke, vividly illuminated—and the snarling easting seas leaping up as if greedy to engulf another mouthful of prey.

Warwick Wright Says



"EVERYTHING ON BUT THE KITCHEN FENDER"

Thus one delighted Armstrong Siddeley owner described his new car. He says: "I have never seen more complete equipment on any car. It seems to include everything but the kitchen fender."

Humorous, but none the less true.

Then you have the advantage, too, of the self-changing gear.

Foolproof gears you cannot miss, and cannot clash.

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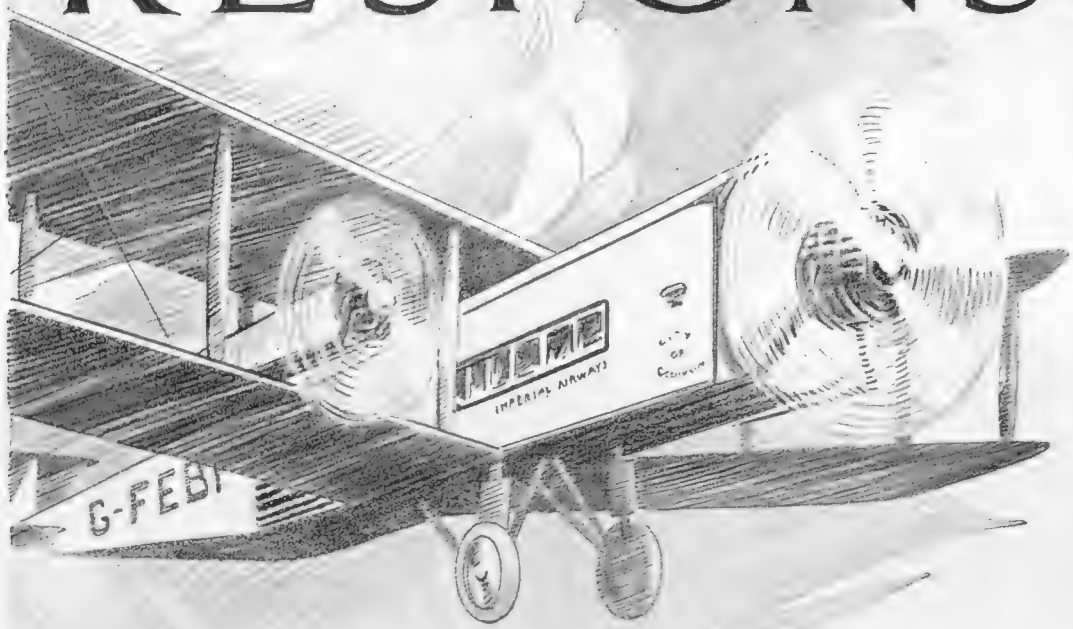

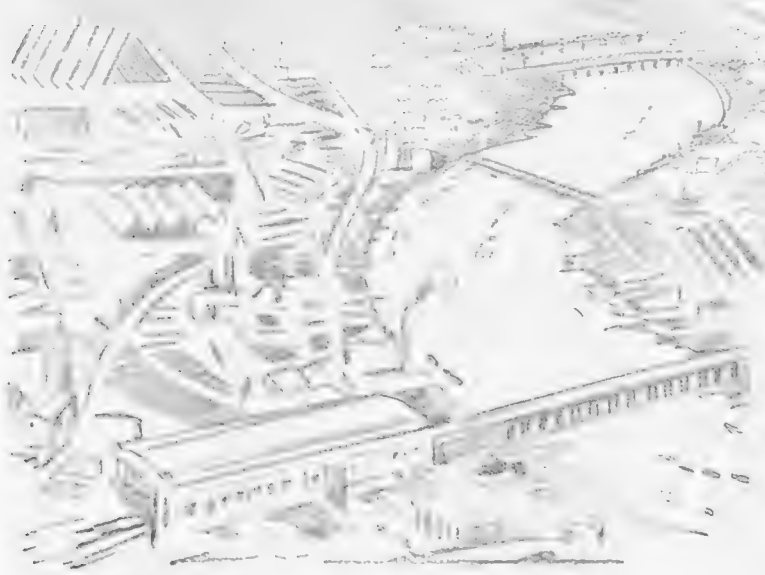

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AIR LINERS

Modern civilization demands the ready acceptance of responsibility. The Air Liner pilot — quick in emergency — is an outstanding example.

RESPONSIBILITY can be either a handicap or an encouragement.

For those who lack courage or initiative it is a burden.

For others — the strong and progressive — it is an urge to succeed. Its presence demands care and forethought, increased effort and patience. Its ready acceptance creates confidence in those who bear it.

The Standard Motor Company recognise their responsibility and accept it gladly. Every effort is made to maintain and improve the high reputation for Quality and Value that has been earned by Standard cars.

A defect in detail will mar any vehicle — may even have serious consequences.

The name of Standard is a Hall Mark of Quality—it has earned the confidence of both Trade and public — it guarantees you the best car in its class.

All-British

Standard

Models for 1931

"*ENVOY*"
Six Cylinder Half-Panelled Saloon
£385

"*ENSIGN*" *SIX*
Six Cylinder Saloons—as illustrated
£245 £275 £285

"*BIG NINE*"
Four Cylinder Saloons
From £195—£255

Dunlop Tyres as Standard

THE STANDARD MOTOR COMPANY LTD COVENTRY

The PETROL World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

BY-PASS SHORTSIGHTEDNESS. — On many different occasions I have referred to the foolish policy of this and former Governments with respect to by-pass roads. The chief criticism is the lack of foresight shown by the authorities in not placing restrictions on the bordering land where these new roads have been constructed. On every new by-pass road which I have traversed the position is becoming more and more absurd. Take, for instance, the Kingston by-pass where houses are springing up on either side just like mushrooms. Shops have now made their appearance and new cross-roads are being laid down. This latter addition shows the folly of the whole position in a clearer light than anything else. No one could imagine anyone but Government authorities spending millions of pounds on building roads to avoid congested areas, and then making no provision to safeguard their expenditure in preventing new congested areas springing up all round. Even at the present time the Kingston by-pass, like many other similar roads, is more difficult to negotiate and takes more time to get through than the old roads which are supposed to be too tortuous and congested for words. In another five years' time, whatever Government is in power, it may be forced to build new by-passes to by-pass these old by-passes.

The Kingston by-pass is probably the most unhappy of all these new roads. It started with a chequered career, and it seems to have been in trouble ever since. The surface very soon went to pieces, but by spending considerable sums of money in repairs traffic was able to negotiate it. Recently, however, the surface became so bad that the authorities decided that patching was a mere waste of time and could not really keep pace with the weaknesses which developed.

In their judgment the best method to put the road into a thorough state of repair was to leave the bad surface as it was and float a completely new covering on top. This process is now in the course of completion, which makes driving on the Kingston by-pass rather like an obstacle race, and I would, therefore, advise all motorists to use the old route through Kingston until the re-surfacing has been completed. It would appear that about 10 or 12 in. of new concrete is being laid on top of the old, and all we can hope is that the responsible engineers will produce something better than they did at their first attempt, otherwise I suppose they will have to go on making the road 10 in. higher every five years, so that at the end of a century motorists will be driving along quite a high wall.

CRIME AND COMFORT: Mr. Edgar Wallace has ventured into Fleet Street, not in an armoured car as one would suppose, but in this superb 40-h.p. Rolls-Royce. As is well known, Mr. Wallace has assumed the editorship of *The Sunday News*, and his progress in this new activity is being watched with considerable interest in the newspaper world

THE MOBILE POLICE AGAIN.—Last week I mentioned that the new Mobile Police were undertaking duties which motorists never thought they would be called upon to do when the new force was first introduced. Apparently the new police have been severely criticized in Bromley for hauling up motorists who have left their cars on the main streets whilst shopping. When the cases were heard in court the suggestion was made that this kind of work was no part of their job, as they were expected to chase motor bandits and bring them to justice. Unless I am very much mistaken, a large proportion of the money necessary to buy their motor-cycles and cars came from the Road Fund, and was allocated to the new police force from this source because the cars and motor-cycles with their drivers were to chase motorists who offended against the laws of the road. When the raid on the Road Fund was made for this purpose motorists did not object, but had it been known that any of the money which we pay for the use of the roads was to enable the police to chase burglars and gunmen, the motoring community would certainly have made their voice heard. Let us be quite definite in this matter. The chief duty of the new Mobile Police is to warn and if necessary prosecute people who offend against the laws and rules of the road. Unless our Chief Constables realize this and instruct their respective forces accordingly, the docile and lamb-like motoring community will certainly begin to roar.

AN ANOMALY.—Truly the ways of this country are remarkable. A motor-car owner to-day is not allowed to drive his car on the road unless he is insured against third-party risks. Personally I think in justice to all road users that compulsion of this sort is not only justified but is desirable. The other day I discovered that anyone who can learn to fly sufficiently well to obtain an "A" certificate can drive his aeroplane all over the sky without taking out a third-party insurance policy. This is surely most extraordinary, particularly when one remembers that the Air Ministry insist upon inspecting an aeroplane at least once a year. Perhaps it is possible that they imagine that nothing can break down on account of this annual examination on their part, but surely an aeroplane can alight unexpectedly on one's house or on one's body through causes other than that of mechanical breakdown.

(Continued on p. 168)

The generous power of this car, the facility and sureness with which it climbs and corners, the complete comfort of its seating and the ease of control—these are Sunbeam qualities, instantly impressive, as obvious as the beauty of the car itself. The reason why you so often meet the 25 h.p. Sunbeam will be fully understood if you try one of these cars yourself. Demonstration runs can be arranged at any time by appointment. Prices of 25 h.p. seven-seater Limousine models from £995. Saloon models on the 16 h.p. chassis from £595, or on the 20 h.p. chassis from £750. All are six-cylinder types with an improved system of central chassis lubrication. Dunlop tyres standard.

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A S . D E P E N D A B L E . A S . A N . A U S T I N

THE TWENTY WHITEHALL SALOON

"My congratulations—the finest car yet offered to the public"

***Owner Report No. 337; Chassis No. 6PL.2050; Registration No. UW3281**

Just one opinion . . . but one that is founded on six years' experience of Austin ownership.

Just one opinion — but one which confirms that of hundreds who have written to us with equal enthusiasm.

The gist of his report is this: Since he came to own his first Austin, six years ago, he has changed from one 'Twenty' to another, not because the car was worn, but—such is human nature—he wanted a change, and incidentally, the benefit of new design and improvement. He sums up his views thus: "I feel it is my duty to write you, for in my opinion *the Austin Twenty is the finest car yet offered to the public.*" Could more be said than this?

Here, then, is the reason why hundreds are turning to Austin ownership, for in this family of cars — combined with their improved appearance, unusual comfort and greatly reduced prices—is found dependability which results in absolutely care-free motoring for *many* years.

If you are not an Austin owner, talk to a man who is.

**Remember. This is an Austin owner's experience. No specially made tests are solicited or published in this series of reports*

The Twenty Whitehall Saloon (as Illustrated)

£530

(At Works)

Upholstered in Vaumol grain hide. Equipment includes: Triplex glass, chromium finish and Dunlop tyres. Mayfair Saloon (6 window) £530. Ranelagh Limousine £575. Marlborough Landaulet £525.

READ THE AUSTIN MAGAZINE: 4d. every month

AUSTIN

The Austin Motor Company Ltd., Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven: 479-483 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W.11

"SIT DOWN AND RIDE": Mr. Jack Buchanan, the famous musical comedy star now playing in "Stand Up and Sing," which is having such a successful run at the Hippodrome, with the new 8-litre Bentley which he has just purchased

The PETROL World (Continued)

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

"STANDARD CAR REVIEW."—I have just received the first copy of a new journal called the *Standard Car Review*. Already there are a number of successful publications devoted to the exclusive service of some particular make of car. Practically without exception they have all proved successful, in fact one or two must bring in a considerable amount of revenue to the manufacturers of the car to which they are devoted. The first consideration for success in a venture of this sort is to have a goodly number of car owners who will read the journal which is to deal with their particular needs. Needless to say there are thousands and thousands of Standard owners, and so the first essential for success already belongs to the *Standard Car Review*. The next step is to produce a readable journal, and those who have seen the first issue of the *Standard Car Review* will, I am sure, agree with me that it will not result in a failure on account of its contents. Not only is the reading matter good, but the illustrations are interesting and well produced. I understand that this new journal will be published each month.

A "SAFARI" LUNCH.—On Saturday last, Captain Geoffrey Malins, O.B.E., set off from London with eight companions on his trade development expedition from London to Cape Town. Motor vehicles constitute the sole means of transport; they consist of two 6-cylinder Rileys with balloon attachments for floating across rivers, a van and trailer, and two motor-cycles—a New Hudson and a Rudge. Nearly sixty British firms are represented. Amongst those connected with the motor trade, in addition to the manufacturers of the cars and motor-cycles, are such well-known companies as the Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., and C. C. Wakefield and Co., Ltd. Immediately before their departure, a farewell "safari" lunch was given to the travellers, Mr. Victor Riley being in the chair. The excellent fare provided was all of the tinned variety on which the party will live in the wilds. Table decorations lost none of their attractiveness by the use of empty Castrol tins as flower vases. On leaving London the party headed for Harwich and crossed by the night boat to Rotterdam. They then set off by way of Brussels for Central Europe, Turkey, Damascus, Jerusalem, and Egypt. Thence they will follow the All-Red route to South Africa. The distance is some 12,000 miles, and it is expected that the expedition will reach Cape Town in ten or twelve months' time.

STOP ONLY FOR A POLICEMAN.—There still appears to be considerable misunderstanding as to when motorists are legally required to stop under the provisions of the Road Traffic Act. The R.A.C. has stated that a driver must stop—

(1) When required to do so by a police constable in uniform.

(2) When involved in any accident in which damage is caused to any person, vehicle, or animal.

(3) When signalled to do so by a traffic regulation sign or a police constable engaged in traffic regulation.

In the view of the R.A.C. these are the only circumstances in which a driver is compelled to stop. It has been suggested, however, that sub-section (1) of Section 20 of the Road Traffic Act, which states that a driver who is alleged to have been guilty of reckless or dangerous driving must give his name and address to any person having reasonable grounds for requiring it, carries with it an amplification that motorists must stop at the behest of any person whatsoever if there is a suggestion of dangerous driving.

When this sub-section was before Parliament the possibility that the above interpretation might be placed upon it was visualized by the R.A.C. and an amendment was moved in Committee to limit the right to demand a driver's name and address to a police constable. Sir James Melville, who was then the Solicitor-General, in dealing with the amendment, said: "All that this clause empowers anybody to do having reasonable grounds, is to ask for the name and address of the person who is alleged to have committed the offence. The right to stop a vehicle is conferred in

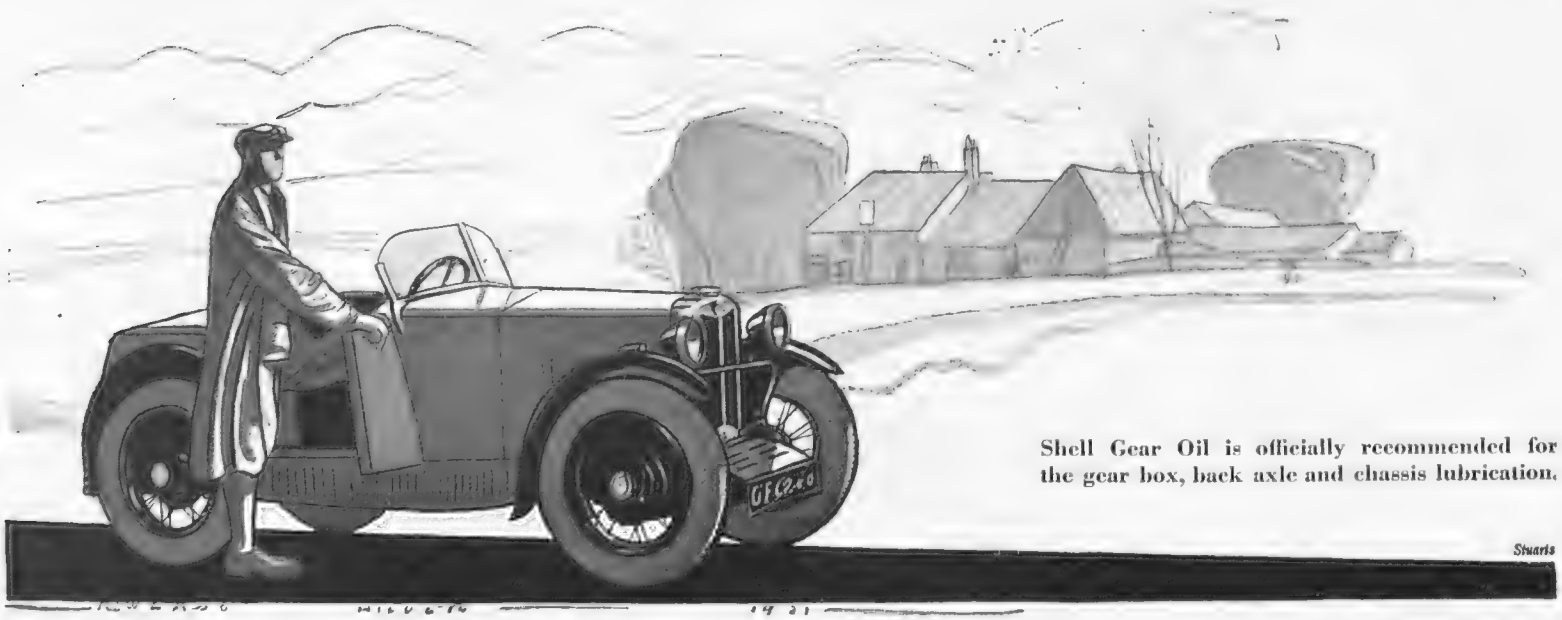
(Continued on p. 170)

SPECIALLY BUILT: The 20-30 Daimler which has just been supplied to Sir Cecil Clementi, K.C.M.G., Governor of the Straits Settlements, who is seen with Lady Clementi. The enclosed landaulette coachwork is by Maythorn and Sons, Ltd., and is designed to give extra head room to accommodate the necessary official head-dresses

MG . . . the manufacturers of the world's fastest "midget" car use and officially recommend

TRIPLE SHELL OIL

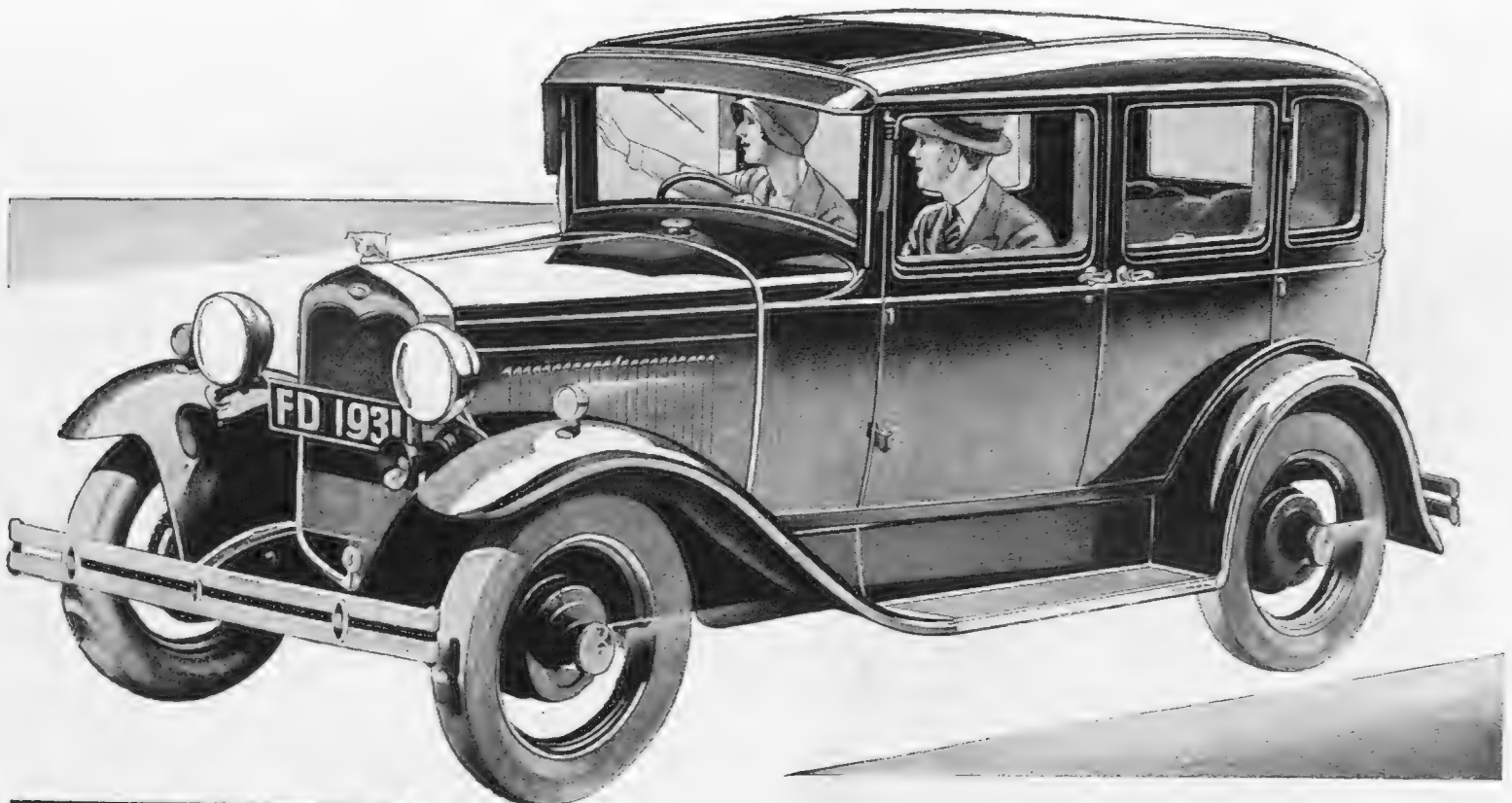
Every owner of one of these highly efficient sports cars who is jealous of its performance should know that the makers of MG cars have subjected Triple Shell Oil to most exhaustive tests and primarily recommend it as the best lubricant for all MG models. Every MG leaving the works is filled with Triple Shell Oil and a quart can of Triple Shell Oil is part of the equipment of every MG Midget.



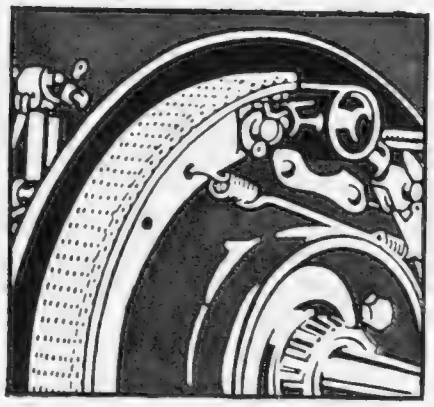
Shell Gear Oil is officially recommended for the gear box, back axle and chassis lubrication.

Stuarts

What happens when you apply your brakes?



New Ford De Luxe Fordor Saloon, with sliding roof, 24 h.p. £225 at works, Manchester (14.9 h.p. £5 extra).



Scientific design, unexcelled materials and matchless workmanship give the New Ford braking efficiency of an order incredible until tested — and found 100% adequate.

NEW FORD PRICES

Tudor Saloon ·	24 *h.p.*	£180
Touring Car ·	„	£185
Standard Coupé	„	£185
Cabriolet ·	„	£210
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14.9 *h.p.* £5 *extra.*

All prices at works, Manchester.

DOES the car slow down as quickly as you wish, noiselessly but promptly, and still dead on its course?

Or does its tail wag, so that the car seems to slither from under you, with you wondering where you're going to come to a standstill, *and when?*

FORD braking is proportioned to FORD engine-performance. It is amply powerful, yet progressive. It makes you feel safe because you are safe. FORD suspension helps, of course! FORD weight disposition helps! FORD lightness (springing from highly scientific design, material and workmanship) facilitates prompt, efficient braking, puts it on a par with FORD comfort, economy, serviceability, all-round money's worth.

Your local Ford Dealer will let the car do the talking. He knows. He doesn't have to *sell* the FORD.

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"The Car that depreciates least."

Wide Doors

A small point probably, but one which earns a great appreciation. Usually, entrance and exit to a car of the size of the Riley "9" is—well, not easy. Look at our picture, reproduced from an actual photograph, and you will immediately realise the difference — a "wide" difference indeed. The Body Design of the "Plus" Riley is assuredly one of its principal charms, but when its distinctiveness and general beauty are associated with every point which makes for comfort and convenience, can you wonder at its outstanding popularity?

OTHER MODELS:

"Plus" Monaco £298
Open Tourer £298

Sunshine Saloons:

Monaco ... ... £305 10s.
Biarritz ... ... £332 10s.

Would you like a demonstration? Then write us.

AS OLD AS THE INDUSTRY — Riley — AS MODERN AS THE HOUR

Exit and entrance always easy.

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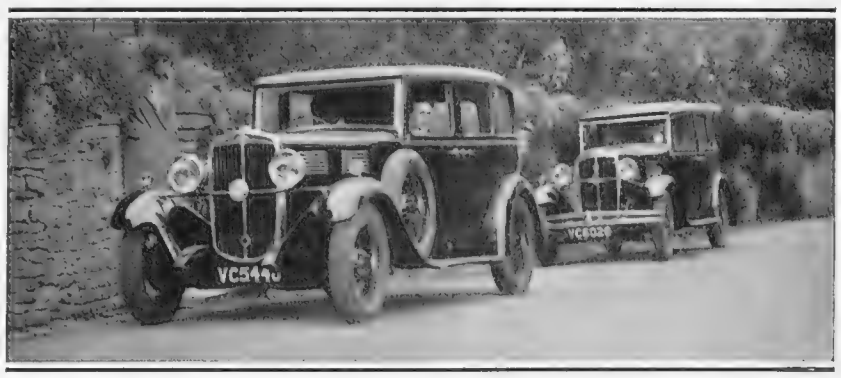

SOMETHING WORTH WRITING ABOUT: The largest of the Standard Motor Co.'s range of models is the 6-cylinder Envoy, which is seen above in front of the Ensign Six, the second largest. A new monthly journal, *The Standard Car Review*, has just been published and is commented on in the accompanying article

The PETROL World (cont.)

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

sub-section (3) only to a police constable in uniform, so that we are not making it an offence for anybody to fail to stop, except after a request of a police constable in uniform."

Sir William Brass then asked: "Do I understand from the hon. and learned Solicitor-General that it is only a policeman who can stop a motor vehicle and ask for the name and address of the driver, and that it is the same provision as in the present Act of Parliament, and that an ordinary individual cannot do it?"

The Solicitor-General: "Yes." (Parliamentary Debates, 3.4.30.)

In view of this categorical denial of the right of anyone but a police constable in uniform to stop a motorist, the amendment was withdrawn. The R.A.C. appreciates that Parliament makes laws and the Courts interpret them. In face, however, of such a positive declaration of the intention of the framers of the Bill on this point, the R.A.C. feels that it can confidently advise motorists to refuse to stop if summoned to do so by private individuals, and is prepared to take a case to appeal to decide the issue should the necessity arise.

ORGANIZATION.—The recent flights of Commander Kidston and Mr. Scott are most spectacular and interesting, but the general public, I am sure, does not realize what a terrific amount of preparatory work has to be done before the pioneer can look for any hope of success. To plant supplies at the various points en route on long voyages such as these two airmen have recently accomplished would be an impossible task for private individuals to accomplish. So in both these flights the pilots have looked to the Shell Company for their assistance. Commander Kidston even ordered stocks at intermediate intervals in case of a forced landing. It must further be remembered that the speed of these flights depends first and foremost on the courage and endurance of the airmen, but secondly on the efficiency of the ground organization at the chosen stopping places. Petrol supplies must be at hand and a trained personnel. When daylight is available every minute wasted in filling up may spoil the success of a flight. The huge resources of the Shell Company are, therefore, invaluable to pilots in these long distance voyages.

The public may also be interested to know that this same organization serves the regular mail routes and is prepared to extend indefinitely as their requirements increase.

A WORD OF ADVICE.—A number of cases have been submitted to the R.A.C. during the past two months of drivers who, on account of their inability to read the letters and figures on the number plate of a motor car, have been unable to make the declaration regarding eyesight required by the Ministry of Transport, and so are debarred from obtaining a driving licence in accordance with the provisions of the Road Traffic Act. A large majority of those concerned have already been driving for many years without being involved either in accidents or police prosecutions, and in many instances depend upon the use of a car or motor-cycle for a livelihood. The R.A.C. has found it advisable in such cases to suggest, as a first step, that the persons should consult an oculist and ascertain whether the inability to pass the test was not due to unsuitable glasses rather than extremely defective sight. In practically every instance where this advice has been followed, it has been found that the fault has lain with the glasses, and the provision of new lenses has improved the sight sufficiently to enable the applicant for the licence to make the declaration required by the Act with a clear conscience. In view of this experience the R.A.C. advises anyone proposing to renew or take out a driving licence, but who is in doubt as to his or her ability to pass the eyesight test, to visit an oculist first of all and seek his assistance.

SERVICE.—Dentists advise their patients to pay them regular visits whether they are suffering from toothache or not. The Rolls-Royce people have a similar system, for their service includes regular visits—whether they are called for or not—by inspector-engineers who examine the cars, make minor adjustments, and give the owner advice, where necessary, on its running. There are no cars which are less in need of constant vetting than those of Rolls-Royce, but the visits of inspection ensure that the standard of perfection that has made the name of this company a household word all over the world is maintained.

A MAHARAJA'S FLEET: A part of the fleet of Austin Seven cars and vans that have been purchased by His Highness the Maharaja of Kashmir for use on his hunting expeditions. The fleet, which consists of two touring cars, two two-seaters, and four vans, is being shipped to India immediately

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

ENGLAND AUSTRALIA RECORD

BROKEN AGAIN ON CASTROL

● Mr. C. W. A. Scott for his record breaking flight lubricated the **GIPSY** engine of his **D.H. GIPSY MOTH** with this product of an **All-British Firm.** He cabled to Wakefield House on landing at Port Darwin: "Extremely pleased. CASTROL XXL functioned splendidly under most exacting conditions. Many thanks services and supplies. Scott."

WAKEFIELD

CASTROL XXL

as recommended by Messrs. De Havilland Aircraft Co. Ltd.

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO. LTD., *All-British* Firm, Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2

ROLLS-ROYCE

40/50 H.P. 20/25 H.P.

NO OTHER CAR HAS ALL ROLLS-ROYCE QUALITIES

IT IS THE MOST DURABLE CAR EVER BUILT

IT EMBODIES ALL EXPERIENCE GAINED WITH EARLIER CLASSIC MODELS

QUITE THE MOST DELIGHTFUL CAR TO DRIVE

ROLLS-ROYCE SERVICE IS A MODEL OF ORGANISATION

It is not built primarily for speed, but to be the smoothest, the most silent, the most flexible and the most comfortable car AT ALL SPEEDS.

It is built to last a great many years and to maintain ALL ITS QUALITIES during its lifetime. Thus it is AN ECONOMY.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

CONGRATULATED BY THE KING AND QUEEN: Mr. and Mrs. Moss Davis of Auckland, New Zealand, who celebrated their diamond wedding at Monte Carlo a few days ago, received a congratulatory telegram from Their Majesties. On left behind is Mr. Ernest Davis, their eldest son

GOOD NEWS FROM BOURNVILLE

An important reduction in the price of chocolate assortments is announced by the famous house of Cadbury Brothers, Ltd. Well-known boxes of their chocolates such as King George, Prince of Wales, or Princess Elizabeth which once cost 4s. will now cost only 3s. 6d. Cadbury's milk tray are now 2s. 4d. per lb. instead of 2s. 8d. Other well-known assortments such as Red Rose are also reduced in price. In their announcements Cadbury's guarantee the weight and quality of their chocolates to remain absolutely unchanged.

ENGLISH DOCTORS' ITALIAN TOUR

The annual medical tour to spas and other health resorts in Italy in which each year a larger number of British doctors take part will be held from September 18 to October 2. It is organized by the Italian State Tourist Department (E.N.I.T.) and will be accompanied as hitherto by an English-speaking Italian medical doctor. The journey in Italy is performed by a special train composed of first-class carriages (no night travel); accommodation is provided at first-class hotels and a special staff takes charge of the baggage. A programme of receptions, local sightseeing, entertainments, etc., in each place has been arranged. Among the places to be visited are Rome, Acque, Abule, Fiuggi, Agnano, Naples, Capri, Ischia, Sorrento, Amalfi, Ravello, Taormina, Acireale, Palermo and Mondello. Each doctor may take a relative. Special railway tickets will be provided to enable participants to make a tour in Italy upon completion of the official programme. Full information is obtainable from Major W. Stormont, Delegate for Great Britain of the Italian State Tourist Department, 16, Waterloo Place, Regent Street, S.W.1.

R.C.V.S.

THE SPHERE has received a letter from the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons drawing our attention to a possible misconstruction which might be placed upon a sentence appearing in our issue of March 28. We append an excerpt in correction herewith:

> Women who desire to enter the veterinary profession are advised to make their arrangements through the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, which body alone in this country has been entrusted with the duty of giving the legal licence to practise.

Bassano

AN ENGAGEMENT OF NOTE: Mr. Dudley C. Maddick, son of Mr. George J. Maddick, of Queen Anne's Mansions, St. James's, and Miss Anne Johnston Smith, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Johnston Smith, of Glasgow. Mr. Maddick is a director and advertising manager of our contemporary, *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, and is an enthusiastic golfer

THE MANAGER OF CIRO'S: Mr. Humbert Possenti—Humberto to his clients—is a famous figure at Ciro's, Monte Carlo, and also at Le Touquet

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